

Per Annos



King's Hall, Compton
1957

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June 1957



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In Memoriam

The Staff and Girls of King's Hall were saddened to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Capon during the Christmas holidays. Since September 1955 she had been Matron at the Junior Cottage and all those in her care, or who knew her well, feel her untimely death very keenly. Our deepest sympathy is extended to the members of her family.

Editorial

Why is it that the word "contagious" is always associated with unpleasant things, such as mumps or measles? Did it ever occur to you that a smile is extremely contagious, yet it costs nothing and is one of the most valuable remedies for the troubles of the world? Here is the proof to my statement. You may, one day, find yourself on a busy downtown street, smiling at your secret thoughts. You will probably be startled to look up and see even the worried business man smile in return.

A little incident like this can bring home to us, the Youth of Canada, a truth that is important for us to realize—the significance of a smile. Now that Canada has so many people from lands far across the sea, we must try to make them feel welcome, even though we may not be able to speak their language. The best welcome that we can give these people is a warm, friendly smile, for the smile has no barriers of either race or nationality. It speaks the same message in every language. We do not refer here to a superficial smile, but to the smile which is a symbol of true happiness. That happiness, it should be our aim to spread.

We at King's Hall have a large share of such happiness, for we are among the more fortunate, who have been brought up under thoughtful guidance. People have carefully taught us high standards of behaviour, especially in our dealings with others. We have been educated in such a way that the words Loyalty, Integrity, Sincerity, Courtesy, and Helpfulness should mean a great deal to us. As Miss Gillard so frequently tells us, "Privilege brings with it responsibility." After we leave King's Hall, it will be our duty to live up to this ideal. Living so will be the best way to create true happiness in our world. That happiness can be conveyed to others through a warm personality and a vital smile which smooths difficulties and comforts sadness. One of our greatest objectives should be to make the world a more cheerful one by our personal contribution of happiness.

We wish to thank Mrs. Weller and the VI A's who helped with the typing.



Miss Gillard's Letter

King's Hall,
15th May, 1957.

My Dear Girls:

Last year I wrote to you on a matter which is very close to my heart. I had hoped that after hearing the words spoken, and later having the opportunity of reading them for yourselves, they would have made some impression and been taken to heart by many. It is a great disappointment to me to realise that such has not been the case. Therefore, at the risk of being repetitious, I am going to write the same letter this year. Thomas Hardy wrote, "Constant dripping wears away stone, yea even diamond." The repetition will at least convince you that I am in deadly earnest.

Perhaps it is hard for young people of School age to realise the truth of the statement that Privilege carries with it great Responsibility. It may be merely that they refuse to realise it. I was very touched when a group of Old Girls asked me if I would allow them to give a prize to the present girl who has tried the hardest to live by that tenet. It would seem that now the Old Girls are out in the world they realise how vitally important it is. If that is the case, why not try to prepare yourselves while at School to face the challenge of the future? Judging by the actions of many of you, your philosophy of life seems to be—ignore the responsibilities—make the most of the pleasures! Such an attitude is unworthy of girls with your advantages.

You all belong to a privileged group, and that is why I am continually trying to impress upon you the necessity of having firm standards. The standards set by those who have not had your advantages are not good enough for you. You have no right to be satisfied to slide down to their level: you should set the tone. Because you have had advantages which many others have not had, your standards of Morals, Culture, Manners, Dignity, Speech, and Posture should be superior, as should your taste in Music, Art and Reading. In the case of so many you are willing to follow the lowest—it requires less effort—and what is the result? Many of you could not care less whether you learn anything: there is little love of learning for its own sake,—in fact in some classes, a girl who is ambitious and keen, is made to feel she is abnormal—. Hour after hour, day after day, you are throwing away opportunities which less fortunate people than you have starved and suffered to obtain. Many of you are not interested in good Music; you care little for the beautiful in Literature, and never voluntarily read anything but the funnies, mystery-stories and magazines, often of the cheapest kind; your manners are good, but only when things are going your way, which is no real test of manners; your speech is often common, your posture slovenly, because you do not care: Is that facing up to your responsibilities? Is that attitude helping to fit you to take your rightful place in the world later? With that attitude you are taking from the world more than you are giving, which is dishonest. A true gentleman, or gentlewoman (forgive my Mid-Victorian term) always tries to put into life a little more than he takes out, and is loyal only to the finest.

Some of you are about to go out into the world. Do not let the materialism of this age cause you to lower your standards. Keep always in your mind the line from Browning's "Andrea del Sarto" and you will be in no danger of evading your responsibilities.

"Ah, but, a man's reach must exceed his grasp,
Or what's a Heaven for?"

God bless you all,
Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard.

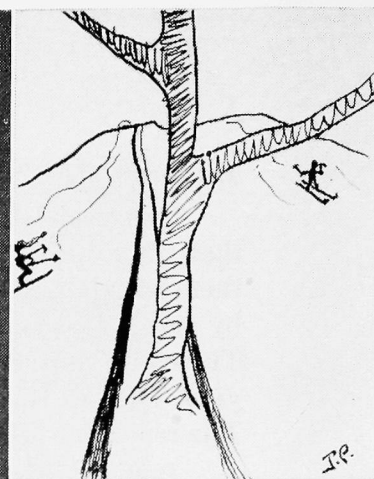
Head Girl



JANE CUSHING—"Cy"
Montreal, Quebec.



Rideau
1953-57



"With patient inattention she hears them prate."

Favourite Expression:—"I mean what I mean."

Ambition:—Nurse in Africa.

Probable Destination:—A pygmy's wife.

Activities:—Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Public speaking VI A; Form Captain VI A.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.

Head Girl's Report

"Tempus Fugit"—any Comptonite would echo this sentiment. It seems only yesterday that we were unpacking our trunks in September, and yet it is almost time to pack those same trunks for the summer holidays. It would be almost impossible to mention all that has happened, but certain situations have made this year a most memorable one for me and I hope for you also.

The co-operation and high spirit you showed throughout the year was the best I have ever known. Even the House totals have been in the four and five hundreds every week—at least, almost every week. There has been keen competition in sports this year. We don't know yet who will get the Sports Shield, but the totals are all so close that the Heads of the Houses have worn themselves down to a frazzle.

Speaking on behalf of all the girls, I know we want to thank all the Staff for the extra help they have given us this year. Don't forget, Comptonites, what a fine school we're in and how lucky we are to have such a great lady as Miss Gillard to guide and help us through our everyday problems, be they large or small. Remember also, that there is a place for each girl in the school to fill, and it is up to her to fill that place by leading the right way and being kind to others.

To the Head Girl next year, I wish the very best of luck. She will, I know, value the privilege of being your Head Girl as much as I have done.

JANE CUSHING.

Prefects

HEATHER MORRIS—"Tootsie"
Cornwall, Ontario.

MacDonald
1953-57

"I'll laugh a monstrous little laugh."

Favourite Expression:—"Oh bugs!"

Favourite Pastime:—Writing letters.

Pet Aversion:—These Quebec winters.

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Form Captain V A.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School; Badminton.



LUCY DOUCET—"Poots"
Montreal, Quebec.

MacDonald
1950-57

"There is something in the wind."

Favourite Expression:—"O.K. You've said it!"

Favourite Pastime:—Schussing down Mt. Gabriel hills!

Pet Aversion:—Squash.

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Form Captain IV A.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, House.



LINDA GRIER—"Grier"
Ottawa, Ontario.

Montcalm
1953-57

"For my voice, I lost it with the Hallowing and singing of Anthems"

Favourite Expression:—"Oh no! Another 'Goose-egg' in Algebra!"

Ambition:—Nursing—McGill.

Probable Destination:—Charwoman—Douglas Hall.

Activities:—Choir; Glee Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Sports Captain V A.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School; Tennis.



HARRIET WARNER SCHNEIDER—"Tottie"
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, U.S.A.

Montcalm
1953-57

"Originality is the spice of life!"

Favourite Expression:—"Have the chimes gone?"

Favourite Pastime:—Collecting rulers!!

Pet Aversion:—People who call me "Todles," "Sarriett," "Tots," "Tods," "Heichner."

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School; Tennis.



JUDY ROBB—"Robbs"
Westmount, Quebec.

Rideau
1954-57

"My troubles always come in the large economy size!"

Favourite Expression:—"Frog!"

Favourite Pastime:—Dreaming about the holidays.

Pet Aversion:—People who snore.

Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House; Badminton.



JANET MARTIN—"Mart"
Westmount, Quebec.

Rideau
1954-57

"Indeed it was sad but true that she had never gone to Princeton."

Favourite Expression:—"Hey kids! What was it like out today?"

Favourite Pastime:—Answering the phone between 9 and 10.

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Current Events.

Teams:—Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



Residence Captains

LESLIE KENNEDY—"Paul" "Lahl"
Montreal, Quebec.

Rideau
1955-57

"Dinner lost, pounds lost, self lost—all lost together."

Favourite Expression:—"You all need your heads read."

Ambition:—To be a **thin** social service worker.

Probable Destination:—Head of a diet Clinic.

Activities:—Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

SUSANNE MEAGHER—"Sue"
Montreal, Quebec.

Rideau
1953-57

"Age, I abhor thee; youth, I adore thee!"

Favourite Expression:—"That's all very well—but!"

Ambition:—Research Scientist.

Pet Aversion:—"But that spells Meeger not Mar!!"

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Bell Ringer, VI A; Public Speaking VI A.

Teams:—Basketball, Form; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.

Sports Captains

ANNE HOLTON—"Holtie"
Hamilton, Ontario.

Rideau
1953-57

"I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys."

Favourite Expression:—"Hody-Mody-Dere!"

Prototype:—Little Dutch Girl.

Favourite Pastime:—Exercises.

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.

SONIA NEWMAN—"Tony with a 'y'"
Montreal, Quebec.

Rideau
1953-57

"Am I alone and unobserved? I am!"

Favourite Expression:—"That's just your type."

Ambition:—To be a good skier.

Probable Destination:—Buying wings.

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.

Form Captains

ANN IDDON—"Iddon"
New York, New York, U.S.A.

MacDonald
1951-57

"Good things come in small packages."

Favourite Expression:—"Scrounge!"

Ambition:—The Stage.

Pet Aversion:—Eggs!

Activities:—Form Sports Captain V B—VI A; Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Public Speaking VI A; Guides; Ballet.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.

ELIZABETH NAPIER—"Liz"
Toronto, Ontario.

MacDonald
1954-57

"To ensure peace of mind, I ignore all rules and regulations."

Favourite Expression:—"T-u-W-e-e-c-dy Pie!!!"

Ambition:—Nursing.

Prototype:—Howdy Doody.

Activities:—Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Form Captain VI B and VI A.

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School; Badminton.



Matrics

ANNE ELIZABETH BIELER—"Bielé"
Sillery, Quebec.

MacDonald
1953-57

"God bless the man who first invented sleep."

Ambition:—To go to Switzerland to learn German.

Probable Destination:—To go to Germany to learn French.

Pet Aversion:—A room-mate who says "Rise and shine at ten to seven in the morning.

Activities:—Library Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



SUSAN BLACKBURN—"Blackie"
London, Ontario.

Rideau
1954-57

"Why take life seriously—you'll never get out of it alive."

Favourite Expression:—"O.K. Tonight we celebrate!!"

Favourite Pastime:—Pulling the shower taps apart so they'll work.

Pet Aversion:—People who shriek "The Marseillaise" at 6:52 in the morning.

Activities:—Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, House.



SUSAN CASSELS—"Sassels"
Toronto, Ontario.

MacDonald
1955-57

"Her melodies are sweet,
(but those unheard are sweeter.)"

Favourite Expression:—"Haven't the foggiest."

Ambition:—Singing.

Probable Destination:—Being drowned out by the shower.

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School; Badminton; Tennis.



FLORA CHURCH—"Flo"
Montreal, Quebec.

Montcalm
1954-57

From ghoulies and ghosties and long-leggedy beasties,
And things that go bump in the night,
Good Lord, deliver us!

Favourite Pastime:—Standing on the corner, watching all the cars go by!

Pet Aversion:—People who go moseying around at night!

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



DIANNA FOWLER—"Di"
Montreal, Quebec.

MacDonald
1953-57

"Hurrying is so ungraceful. Avoid it!"

Favourite Expression:—"Anybody left?"

Favourite Pastime:—Playing Spanish, French and Italian records when everyone wants the Hit Parade.

Pet Aversion:—People who call me "Amy" in French class.

Activities:—Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics.

Teams:—Basketball, Form; Soccer, House; Volleyball, House.



LYNNE FRANCIS
Village Desbiens, Quebec.

Montcalm
1955-57

"There there, little girl, don't cry!
You'll grow bigger by and by!"

Prototype:—Porky Pig.

Favourite Pastime:—Blushing.

Pet Aversion:—18 year old room-mates who say "You're too young!"

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Public Speaking.

Teams:—Basketball, Form; Soccer, School; Volleyball, House.





JUDITH PERRON—"Perry"
Village St. Marguerite, Quebec.

Rideau
1948-57

"Why be a nuisance when with a little effort you can be impossible?"

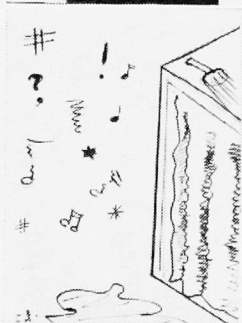
Favourite Expression:—"Alo tout le monde!"

Prototype:—The mad artist.

Ambition:—Commercial artist.

Activities:—Magazine Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Public Speaking VI A; Guides; Ballet.

Teams:—Soccer, School.



BAMBI REEVES—"Beanie"
Kingston, Ontario.

MacDonald
1951-57

"This is very midsummer madness."

Favourite Expression:—"Okay, this time I really mean it."

Favourite Pastime:—Singing in the shower.

Probable Destination:—To be on Broadway.

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Crucifer; Form Captain V B;

Teams:—Basketball, School; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School; Badminton.



IRMA BARBARA SCHIESS—"Budgie"
San Salvador, El Salvador, Central America.

Rideau
1953-57

"They say all wisemen are dying;
That's funny, I feel wonderful!"

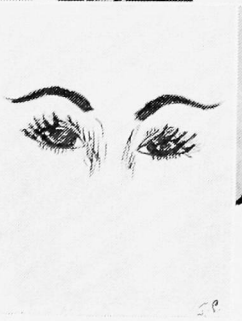
Favourite Expression:—"Tomorrow I'M going on a diet."

Favourite Pastime:—Trying to do today what she didn't do yesterday.

Pet Aversion:—"Croc"—walks at 30° below zero!

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, House; Volleyball, School.



SONIA TAYLOR—"Toni" (with an "i")
Montreal, Quebec.

MacDonald
1953-57

"Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something."

Favourite Expression:—"Ugh, House Games!!!!!!!!!!!"

Prototype:—Poo Bear.

Pet Aversion:—People who think they can sing.

Activities:—Library Committee; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events.

Teams:—Basketball, House; Soccer, School; Volleyball, School.

THE MATRIC FORM REPORT

'Twas the night before closing; in each Matric room

There was laughter and singing—so unlike a tomb;

While Janet and Linda were feasting away

Flo stuck her head out and we heard her say,

"Come on in, Jane, the gang is all here."

Then from out all the doors many heads did appear,

And around the corner came Lal and her brood.

On Robbs, Black, and Toni, there's plenty of food!

On Iddon, on Holton, on Bambi too!

On Heather, on Judy and what about Lu?

They flowed into the room and gathered around

And talked of the things for which they're renowned.

Remember the spaceship—that flight of all flights,

And the Hallowe'en we Arabian knights

Invaded the gym with wild shrieks and howls

Our faces all black—clothed in striped bathroom towels.

At Easter they heard us sing three "Fairie Songs,"

And the voice of dear Cassels chimed loud in the throng.

Now we're gathered together on this closing eve—

Whoops! Irma's got into the cake, we perceive.

All diets forgotten, Noni and Moo

Demolish the peanuts and gingerale too.

Liz and Di in harmony keep

While Bielé snatches five minutes of sleep.

Tottie's on the bed with a "Who dunit" mystery

And Lynn is now studying the last page of history.

A bang on the wall from Miss Morris's room!

Oh, why must our party be ended so soon?

When the summer is over you'll be all here next fall

But this is our good-bye—so, God bless King's Hall.

School Calendar

School Opened	Sept.	12
Prefects appointed	Sept.	14
Matric Entertainment	Sept.	30
Thanksgiving Weekend	Oct.	6
Tea Dance at B.C.S.	Oct.	8
Soccer Team at Stanstead	Oct.	13
Concert in Sherbrooke, Beaux Arts Trio	Oct.	23
B.C.S. soccer team here	Oct.	24
Hallowe'en supper and party	Oct.	26
Stanstead here for soccer	Nov.	3
School 'Formal'	Nov.	9
Remembrance Day	Nov.	11
Canadian National Ballet in Sherbrooke	Nov.	15
Junior Operetta "The Strangers"	Nov.	18
Volleyball against B.C.S.	Nov.	21
The Plays at U.B.C.	Nov.	23
Miss Sayle's lecture	Nov.	24
Christmas Exams	Dec.	1-7
Carol Service and Nativity Play	Dec.	9
Christmas Holidays	Dec.	13
School re-opened	Jan.	9
Too cold for working, 32-below zero!	Jan.	14
Quarantine for German Measles	Jan.	15
Rev. Mr. Davies' movies of Japan	Jan.	21
VI A Variety Show; a riotous success	Jan.	25
Archbishop Carrington's movies	Jan.	27
Miss Gillard back from Cuba; half holiday	Jan.	31
VI B Variety Show—another success	Feb.	8
Matric Biology "cook-out"	Feb.	16
Mary Fayre Tremaine's (Mufty) Talk	Mar.	16
VI A play	Mar.	17
T. V.—a BIG EVENT !!!	Mar.	23
Badminton Finals and Red Cross Supper	Mar.	24
Easter Holiday	Mar.	27
VI A's and Matric's visit to Montreal General, Physiotherapy	Mar.	29
School re-opened	Apr.	10
Easter week-end	Apr.	20-21
"Pirates of Penzance" at B.C.S.	Apr.	26
VI A attend Sherbrooke Hospital 'Open House'	Apr.	27
Confirmation	May	4
VI A play in Youth Drama Festival	May	4
V A Operetta "The Waxwork Museum"	May	5
Choir in "R.S.C.M." Festal Evensong, St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke	May	11
June Exams	May	28
The Closing	June	7

MATRIC ENTERTAINMENT

On the night of September 30th, the Matrics of '57 presented their excellent entertainment to the rest of the school. Though they had had only two weeks in which to plan and arrange their production, they did it extremely well. At seven o'clock the curtain rose to show several incidents in the life of Compton of 1997—"Forty Years On." The programme began with the Compton spaceship of 1997 on its way to school. Even Freddy was portrayed to make us all feel very much at home. The Matrics then gave us an imitation of "Nightly Peregrinations" followed by a "Nightmare." The actress who played the part of the Poor Unfortunate had the familiar shuddering dream about pluses and minuses—something we have all experienced at one time or another. "Energetic Students In Classes" illustrated what school work would be like if taught by television. Next on the programme was a song, "Walking Around The Gym." This song brought back many a memory for all.

Then came the ordermarks. Miss Gillard and the Staff were called up to take their places on the stage. Jane Cushing read out the names and each had to stand for ordermarks received for various offences. The minuses were extremely clever and gave us all a great deal of enjoyment. The entire Matric Form joined in the stirring finale—their song "Hello Young Compton."

The scenery, lighting, and props were most effective, and we all think that Liz Napier, the director, did a wonderful job. We all give three cheers for the Matrics of '57 and thank them for the memories we have of them and their "Matric Entertainment."

GILLIAN BASTIAN, VI A.

—o—

ON WITH THE SHOW!

How did we survive those gloomy nights during the winter term? By the VI A and VI B variety shows, of course! Songs, dances, one-act plays, hair-raising tales and skits filled the school with merriment during those Friday night entertainments. Laughter and shouts of ecstasy echoed through the halls as the minutes ticked on happily, making us forget about quarantine and "Mumps"! A warm, friendly feeling settled over the group as we all assisted in producing those "wonderful" shows. Let's do it again!

SUSAN CARLING and LORNA MURRAY, VI A.

VI A AND VI B PLAYS

This year K.H.C. had the privilege of seeing two plays—one by the VI A's and one by the VI B's. It was evident from the applause that both were much appreciated by the school.

The VI A's presented J. M. Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows her Medals," a one-act play in three scenes. The players were well cast; in fact they seemed born for their roles. The touching story of Mrs. Dowey and her charwomen friends, and of Private Kenneth Dowey was unfolded in a charming fashion amidst excellent scenery. I am sure there was not one dry eye in the hall after the last curtain. Those taking part were Mary Jane Thompson, Anne Dowie, Diana MacDougall, Catherine Harvie, Cynthia Hutchins, and Elise Menasché.

The VI B's presented Oscar Wilde's "The Importance of Being Ernest," an extremely difficult play for young amateurs. The humorous situation created by two young men's desire for the name **Ernest** produced many chuckles from a delighted audience. The scenery, costumes, and most certainly the actors with their well-cultivated "accents" had a professional touch. The cast was as follows: Joan Cordeau, Diana Hornig, Ruth Peverley, Elaine Audet, Susan Hanson, and Bonnie Penhale.

I am very sure that the whole school wishes to thank Miss MacLennan and the VI A's, and Miss Hewson and the VI B's for two very entertaining evenings.

HEATHER DEWAR, VI A.

P.S.—The producers especially wish to thank Gillian Bastian, Heather Dewar, and Pat Archibald for the outstandingly good scenery they made for the VI A play; Ann Taylor for VI B costumes, and Gabrielle de Kuyper and Gale Davis for VI B scenery.

—o—

On Saturday, May 4th, the VI A's took their play, "The Old Lady Shows her Medals" to the Youth Drama Festival in Sherbrooke. Stanstead, Bishop's, and the Princess Elizabeth High School of Magog also entered. The evening was a stimulating one and all contestants profited from the constructive criticism of Mrs. Sadler, the adjudicator. The first and second prizes were won by Bishop's and the Princess Elizabeth High School respectively.

THE FRENCH PLAYS

On Saturday, March 9th, before the Movie, the three youngest Forms amazed us by each presenting a delightful French play. Several older girls afterwards recited some very interesting poems. For the benefit of the majority, whose French is not exactly fluent, one of the girls read an English translation of the poems before they were recited in French. The ease with which the actresses performed their parts and the expression the girls put into the poems deeply impressed us all. We wish to give our sincere thanks to Madame Landes for devoting so much of her spare time to perfecting the plays and the poems.

JOAN CORDEAU, VI B.

—o—

“THE STRANGER”—Junior Operetta

The whole school spent a very enjoyable evening in November watching “The Stranger,” an operetta put on by the Juniors. We had not realized that so much musical talent existed among them. The songs, which were amazingly well performed, were set to a delightful Lawrence Swinyard arrangement of Schuman music. Each soloist, as well as the chorus groups, sang and acted with great skill and charm. The scenery and costumes, also, were excellently done. The whole production moved along swiftly to the lively tunes.

Our thanks and congratulations go to Miss Hewson and her cast and assistants for a delightful performance.

CATHERINE HARVIE, VI A.

—o—

THE WAXWORK CARNIVAL

On May 5th “The Waxwork Carnival,” an operetta put on by V A afforded a very pleasant evening, in which we saw the more informal side of history.

The costumes were bright and rich and the actors portrayed their parts with skill and charm. Alix Palk in the leading role, Julius Caesar, sang excellently, while Susan Gordon’s Mary, Queen of Scots, had a proper combination of pathos and dignity. Henry VIII (Greer Gardner) and his latest love, Boadicea, (Jennifer Woods) were absolutely hilarious. The historical characters making up the chorus sang well and contributed greatly to the atmosphere. Thank you V A.

VISITORS AT KING’S HALL

This year we have been very fortunate in having had a number of interesting speakers visit us here at King’s Hall.

In the autumn term, during her Lecture Tour with Miss Hasel, Miss Sayle came to Compton and we all gathered in the gym to hear her speak. She told us that last year four vans of the “Canadian Sunday School Caravan Mission” had been unable to go out because of lack of workers. She brought with her some very interesting coloured slides showing the places that had been visited by missionary workers. While Miss Wallace worked the slides, Miss Sayle kept up a running commentary on the work that had been done.

One Sunday evening His Grace, the Archbishop of Quebec, presented movies that he himself had taken. One, about a visit to the mission on the coast of Labrador, was thoroughly enjoyed. The coloured pictures of Rome and of England were indeed beautiful. We are very grateful to His Grace for coming and showing us such wonderful movies—films of which he can be justly proud.

One afternoon at the beginning of the winter term, Canon Davis, recently returned from Japan, came to tell us about Asia and the lives and thoughts of the people who live there. He also told of the missionary work being done in those areas. Miss Keyzer showed his slides of Japan, including pictures of a Japanese wedding, which were most interesting.

In the gym one Saturday, Mary Fayre Tremaine, Head Girl in 1950, gave us a very good idea of how to become, as she herself had, an Occupational and Physio-therapist, both or either one, as you like. It was fascinating to hear all about the different kinds of treatments used. Everyone was deeply interested. She very kindly arranged for some of the older girls to go on a tour of the Montreal General Hospital during the Easter holidays so that they could see how and where this very important work is being carried on. The tour was very interesting and will not be easily forgotten.

Altogether we have been extremely fortunate in being able to hear these Speakers, and we appreciate the time and trouble they took in coming to King’s Hall to give us a better understanding of other places and other people.

HEATHER MACLAREN, VI A.

THE CAROL SERVICE

It was Sunday, December the ninth, the day of our Christmas Carol Service. At a quarter to eight in the morning the sleeping corridors were awakened by the voices of the choir carolling below the windows in the bitter December wind. After a special "dressing-gown breakfast" the day continued as a usual Sunday until rest hour, when the VI A's decorated the lounge with spruce boughs and paper bells and holly. Above the door they hung a monstrous red stocking bulging with toys.

The evening Carol Service was preceded by a Nativity Pageant put on by girls chosen from all the Glee Clubs and directed by Miss Hewson. It was beautifully done and most moving. Solos were sung by Susan Carling as the Virgin Mary, by Joanne Millar as a young page, and by Susan Cassels as St. Christmas. Selected groups of girls sang some lovely ancient carols which we had never heard before. We all thank Miss Hewson very much for the time and trouble she took to produce such an excellent pageant. According to King's Hall tradition, the service consisted of carols sung by each form, by the Choir, and by the Staff. As usual, Mademoiselle Cailteux's French carols were much appreciated.

After the service, the whole school walked to the lounge for the party, passing through two rows of choir girls singing by candle light. Every year the Matrics present Christmas-tree gifts to the Staff in a clever and original way. This year, Lucy Doucet, acting as a typical mother on Christmas Eve, read "The Night Before Christmas" to her two noisy children, Ann Iddon and Janet Martin. Santa Claus kept his old tradition of entering by the chimney. Leslie Kennedy joyfully played this part with "little helpers" chosen from Dickens' **Christmas Carol**. These ranged from sweet Tiny Tim to old Scrooge himself. Small gifts were presented to the Staff and guests. When Miss Gillard opened an enormous box her present proved to be two lovely green eiderdowns.

When the bell for "lights-out" rang through the corridors, the day had been so full that it was not long before "visions of sugar plums" were dancing through all heads.

CYNTHIA BAILEY, VI A.



THE CHOIR

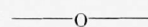
This year the Choir managed quite well in spite of the fact that many of its most active members graduated last June.

During the first term much of the usual Saturday morning practice time was spent rehearsing carols for the annual Christmas service.

This year we consider ourselves very fortunate because we are planning to sing in the R.S.C.M. Festal Evensong on May 11th. Much of our time has been spent practising for this, and for the Easter service. In the Evensong our anthem is "Lift Thine Eyes" and at Easter "Come and Sing Alleluia."

We should like to thank Miss Macdonald for her patience and encouragement.

ELIZABETH ANGUS, VI A.

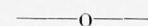


GLEE CLUBS

Each of the three Glee Clubs meets once a week to practise group singing under Miss Hewson's direction. The Matrics entertained us by singing "Three Little Fairy Songs" at the Red Cross supper. We are looking forward to the Operetta that the V A's are preparing and to hearing the VI A's sing, "The Walrus and the Carpenter."

The girls all enjoy the Glee Club very much and appreciate the time which Miss Hewson spends with them each week.

ELIZABETH ANGUS, VI A.



THANKSGIVING

This year Thanksgiving dawned a warm, sunny day. The trees outside were at their peak of beautiful colour and the little church in Compton was decorated with crimson, gold, and green boughs. The church was also decorated with the fruits of the harvest—pumpkins, apples, turnips, carrots, beets and sheaves of golden corn. The service was beautiful, in the perfect atmosphere for a thanksgiving service. The sun shone through the stained glass windows, throwing multi-coloured shadows on the assembled people. One realized what a glorious country we live in, and each one of us had a true feeling of thanksgiving in our hearts.

DIANA MACDOUGALL, VI A.

THE TEA DANCE

The crisp October air was broken by the hum of voices and the strains of the last dance as couples strolled from the door of the B.C.S. gym to the waiting buses. Two girls walked briskly along the path, their crinolines swishing.

"What an utterly dreamy dance," one sighed to the other. "What's come over B.C.S.? There was practically no battle line this year; and **decorations**, no less! The idea of meeting us at the door was a stroke of genius."

"It certainly was. I think Fred (Wanklyn) really deserves a pat on the back for making it so successful, though I heard that we put some suggestions in there too. Isn't the orchestra terrific? And weren't those Prep boys adorable, wolf-whistling as we came in?"

"Cute as anything, though the masters didn't seem to think so. I think we should mention the effective lighting too. But all fooling apart, I don't know whether the glory should go to Fred for his wonderful organization, to the boys for their co-operation, or to the girls for acting a little less like sheep—perhaps a bit to each. Anyway it was a tea dance to remember, and we thank all concerned."

CYNTHIA HUTCHINS, VI A.

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THE FORMAL

Needless to say, this year's "Formal" was a great success! The VI A's decorated the Gym very cleverly with posters portraying the striking scene of a beautiful roof garden. A railing had been painted around the room, and many groups and couples were realistically silhouetted against the brilliant New York skyline. Glittering stars were suspended from the ceiling, and many balloons and streamers formed a canopy, thus an effect of moonlight prevailed. The dining room was effectively adorned with posters following the theme used in the gym.

Apart from the actual show of dancing couples, always lovely to watch, a little talent from both schools was displayed. VI A's gave a few musical skits (all excellently performed); and two of the boys were called upon to entertain.

This was our first "Formal" in two years, as sickness in both schools caused the cancellation of the 1955 dance. We all hope that the years to come will give us many more such enjoyable dances.

RUTH PEVERLY, VI B.

RED CROSS NIGHT

As we had striven to make it, the Red Cross Evening was again a great success. After a delicious supper, served buffet style in the lounge, the display began. As is customary, Miss Gillard held up articles from each Form which included children's frilly dresses, blouses and nighties; carefully made skirts, coats, slips and slacks; tiny knitted suits, sweaters, soakers, booties, and mittens for babies; several scrap books filled with gaily coloured pictures, fluffy blankets, and soft toys—all of which would thrill any child. After the last article had been placed in the two large boxes, made especially for the Red Cross work, the school cheered and clapped applause to Miss Dostie and Miss Povey for their patient and skilful help in the needlework and to Mrs. Aitken for planning the appetizing meal. It was a very happy evening for all.

JAMEY TROOP, VI B.



BALLET IN SHERBROOKE

On Thursday, November 15th, the National Ballet of Canada put on a performance at the Granada Theatre in Sherbrooke. Miss Gillard was able to get excellent orchestra seats for the lucky Matrics and VI A's. Five ballets were presented. Les Sylphides, Jeune Pas de Deux, l'Après-midi d'Un Faune, and Pas de Chance were in the classical style of ballet, and "Postscript," a modern ballet, was in the Jazz idiom. All five were well received by the audience as was proved by the many curtain calls. We wish to thank the Staff who took us to Sherbrooke. I am sure we all thoroughly enjoyed our evening with the Canadian National Ballet.

HEATHER DEWAR, VI A.

U.B.C. PLAYS

On November 23rd, we were taken to Bishop's University to see three one-act plays presented by the students. This year the plays were "The Exodus" written by Professor A. J. Motyer of the University Staff; "The Adelphi," a translation of a Greek comedy; and "Shall We Join The Ladies," by Sir J. M. Barrie. The actors were most entertaining, and excellent costumes and scenery as well as lighting added greatly to the enjoyment of the plays.

We would like to thank Miss Gillard and also the Staff who accompanied us, for the most enjoyable evening.

JUDITH BIGNELL, VI B.

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VI A LITERATURE CLUB

VI A Literature Club is held every Thursday evening from nine to nine-thirty, when we meet in the library with Miss MacLennan. Although Literature Club is not compulsory, many VI A's were usually present to enjoy a relaxing half hour before bed. One of our favourite programmes was reading plays in parts. We all loved Barrie's "Mary Rose." We also enjoyed having Miss MacLennan read selections from **David Copperfield** and sometimes we listened to recordings of Shakespearean plays. We appreciate the Literature Club very much.

WENDY MACLAREN, VI A.

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THE LIBRARY REPORT

1956-57 has been a very successful year for the library. Our great project was to mend and catalogue most of the books. With the prospect of a "plus" dangling before them, the girls threatened with minus totals have been most eager to mend as many books as could be scraped together.

There is one complaint that I have had from all members of the committee—being on duty is rather dull because not enough girls come to take out books. We hope that with the addition of the many new books which Miss Gillard has given us, interest will increase.

Diana MacDougall took over the management of the library during the last term. She has been successful in promoting interest by asking the girls to give some of their own books to the library. I feel sure that next year the library under Diana will be most successful. To this year's committee I extend my sincere thanks for their keen co-operation.

LYNNE FRANCIS, Matric.

ART REPORT

Since culture is becoming slowly but surely more important in Canada, it is only natural that we are being encouraged to exercise any artistic talents that we may have. This year no girl could possibly have been bored in an Art class, for there were so many different things she could do. Even if she had no talent for any type of drawing or painting she could do leatherwork, clay modelling, potato printing or make papier-mâché animals.

The VI A's did a wonderful job of creating the atmosphere of many-mooded New York City on scenery for our Formal. They also did some very effective scenery for their play, and added a little extra cheer to our Easter dinner with several gay posters.

The VI B's enhanced the eeriness of our Halloween with most realistic murals which were, as usual, in the dining room. The scenery for their play was very well done.

The V A's did a beautiful mural for the Art room.

We discovered during our Easter Holidays that we had a budding artist in our midst. Joan Howard, V A, won a prize in an international Art competition. Joan did not execute the work here, but we feel that we may expect great things from her in the future.

Many posters were made by the various Forms urging us to get on with our Red Cross work, and they were very good reminders when the job began to slip our minds. Gale Davis made a very original chart to show us how much money we were getting in for the advertising for our magazine. Gill Bastian made a very clever chart to show where each House stood in the advertising competition.

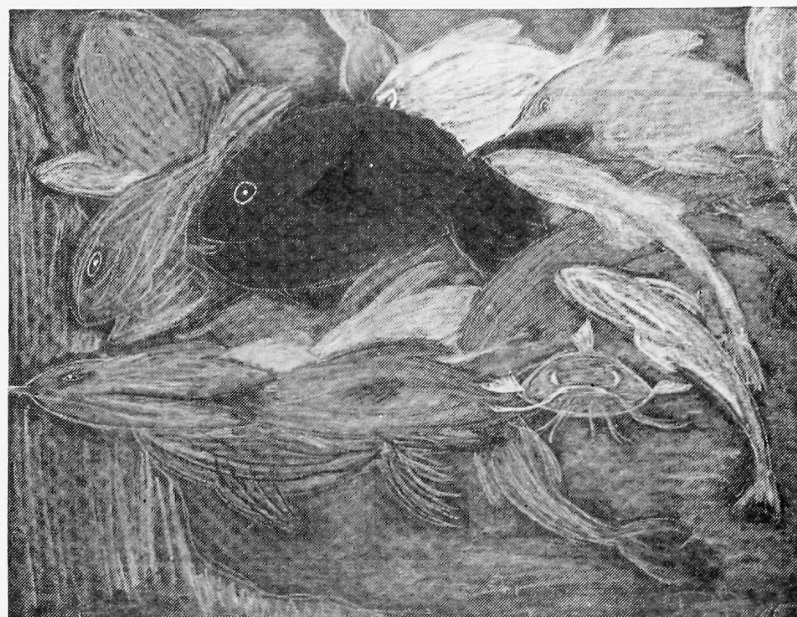
All the Forms must have been very busy this year and also very interested in their work, for one could never go into the Art room without seeing many new drawings on the walls.

Miss Dexter was very helpful and gave up much of her time for special projects. I am sure that not only the girls who took part in the classes, but also those who enjoyed the products of many hours in the Art room, appreciate Miss Dexter's kindness and we take this opportunity to thank her for everything.

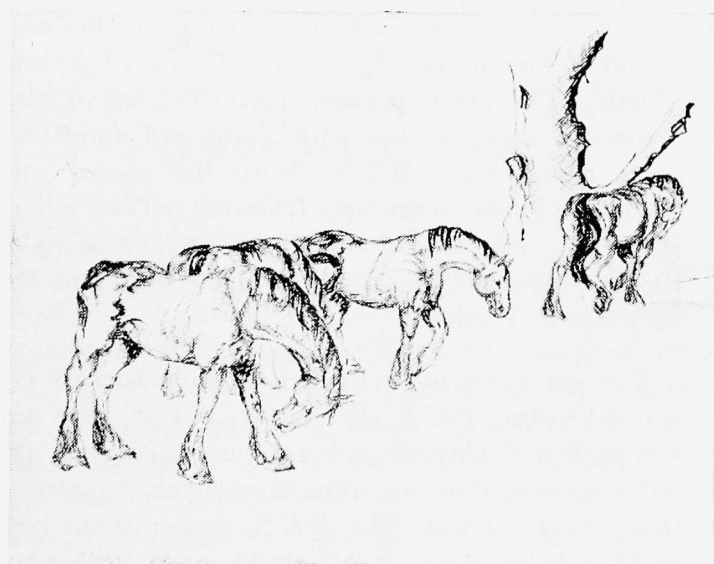
BAMBI REEVES, Matric.



1 GALE DAVIS, VI B



2 PENNY AYRE, V A



3 GILL BASTIAN, VI A

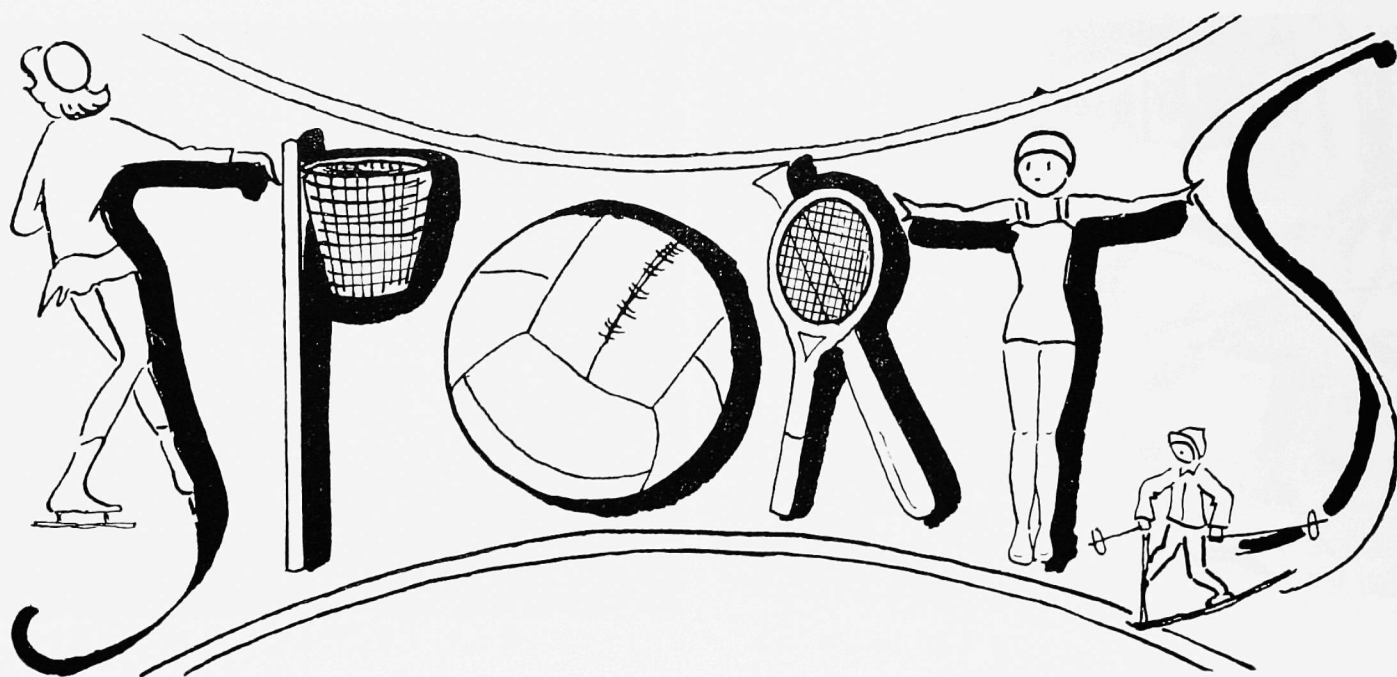


4 DEBBY RANKIN, IV B



5 J. HOWARD
JOAN HOWARD, V A

- 1.—Imaginative Painting, Dry Brush.
- 2.—Fish Design, Pastel.
- 3.—Horses, Pen and Ink.
- 4.—Story Illustration, Pastel.
- 5.—Perspective, Tempera.



SPORTS REPORT

This year every one has taken a keen interest in sports thanks to the unfailing help of Miss Keyzer and Miss Ticehurst.

We had an excellent soccer season because the weather was good, the health was good, and the girls were enthusiastic. Some cases of mumps in the winter term made it impossible to have much swimming or outside basketball games. This was disappointing, but we hope to have some in the summer term.

We had very keen afternoon House games in which the three Houses battled for victory. We could not make full use of the skiing facilities at Hillcrest this winter because of poor weather conditions, but the skiing we did have was excellent. Special thanks go to all the Staff who took us. The skating was also thoroughly enjoyed by all. Mrs. Aitken's music added to the afternoon fun.

Good sportsmanship was shown in the badminton tournaments, which were played off well, with the full co-operation of all participants. There was a keen competitive spirit in all the games. A special volleyball game played against Bishop's football team was a novelty and great fun. The tennis season is now well started and is proving very successful. We wish to thank Miss Ticehurst, who gave up her spare time to give us extra lessons. All-in-all we have had an excellent year in sports.

On behalf of the school we wish to congratulate Gillian Bastian, who at the meet in Hamilton, set a new record in the sixty yard dash for the Sixteen Years and Under Canadian Indoor Championship.

ANNE HOLTON, TONY NEWMAN.

SOCCER

This year we had a long soccer season, and the school showed great enthusiasm by turning up for all the games on time. There were two teams—A and B—made up of girls from VI B, VI A, and Matric. The good weather permitted us to play home and away games with Stanstead and three home games with B.C.S. Both the games with Stanstead were extremely exciting. The King's Hall goals were scored by Tony Newman and Gill Bastian, Team A, and by Cynthia Bailey and Pat McFetrick, Team B.

The game we most looked forward to was the one with the B.C.S. Prep boys. The boys are accomplished players and as usual won, but the score showed that we were more evenly matched this year than last. The B.C.S. soccer team beat us by a large score, but Compton put up a good fight. Owing to bad weather we had to meet the B.C.S. football team, not in a soccer game, but in a volley-ball game, which we won. "It's an ill wind!"

Apart from the team games there were inter-House and inter-Form games in which everyone took part very enthusiastically. One game of special interest was played between V A and the Juniors, and to the joy of Miss Ticehurst the Juniors won.

Our thanks go to Miss Keyzer, Miss Ticehurst, and Mr. Roberts for making this soccer season such a successful one.

THE SPORTS CAPTAINS.

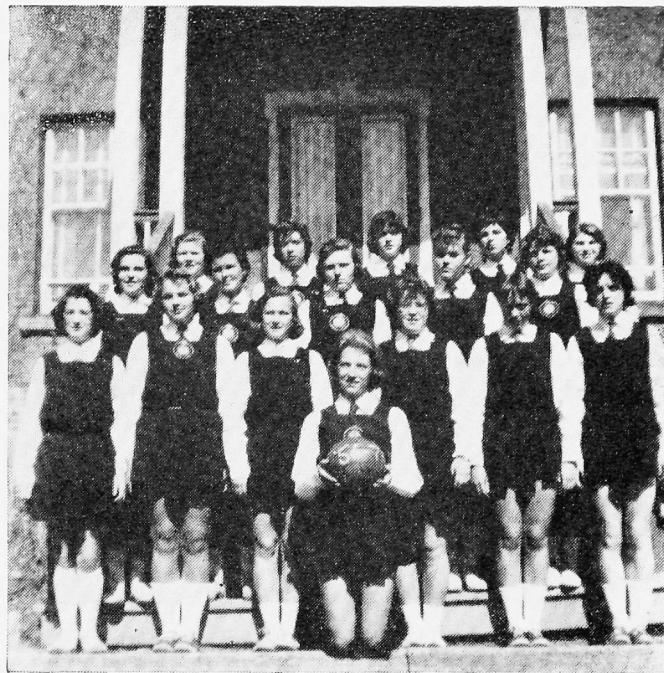


SENIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back row: H. Schneider, A. Dowie, A. Holton, L. Doucet.

Middle: L. Grier, E. Napier, H. Morris, B. Reeves,
E. Menasché.

Front: S. Cassels, A. Iddon, S. Newman, G. Bastian,
D. Hornig.



JUNIOR SOCCER TEAM

Back row: J. Cushing, P. McFetrick, B. Rooney, J. Mitchell,
S. Kelly.

Middle: S. Taylor, A. Taylor, D. Duncanson, M. J. Thompson,
J. Millar.

Front: S. Hanson, P. Archibald, S. Morris, C. Bailey,
L. Francis, L. Murray, G. Goodeve.

SKIING AND SKATING

The season for skiing and skating was not very long, as the snow left early in March. However, we managed to fit in several exciting trips to Hillcrest. Other skiing events included cross-country expeditions which the two Sports Captains so kindly led, and, of course, daily outings on the school hill. We also spent many fun-packed afternoons on the rink where we diligently strove to improve our various accomplishments in figure skating. Needless to say, we have all enjoyed this season of Compton skiing and skating.

BONNIE PENHALE, VI B.

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BASKETBALL

During the winter term we enjoyed another season of basketball. Although most of our games were confined to gym class, we managed to play some inter-Form matches, in which competition was keen. To our great disappointment, we were unable to play any other schools, as we were in quarantine for most of the term. However, we have managed to have a fun-packed basketball season this year.

SHIRLEY MORRIS, VI B.

VOLLEY BALL

This year we had many exciting volley ball games. The season started early, as rain ended the soccer in November. Perhaps the most popular game was the one played in our gym between the King's Hall soccer team and the Bishop's football team. To everybody's amazement we won! Early in the winter term Miss Keyzer and Miss Ticehurst supervised inter-House and inter-Form matches. The competition was keen. Many enjoyable Sunday evenings were spent up in the gym watching and playing volley ball. It has given us great pleasure throughout the year.

LYN CARTER, VI B.





SENIOR BADMINTON Doubles and Singles

Back row: H. Morris, E. Napier.
Front: E. Wallace.



JUNIOR BADMINTON Doubles and Singles

Back row: D. Stewart, S. Scott.
Front: S. McMaster

BADMINTON

Badminton has been extremely popular this year with all the girls. There was not one person who did not know of the battle which was going on for championships. The spirit and energy put into all the games, especially the finals, was wonderful. For the first time in years the tournament was finished before the holidays.

In the Senior Division, after a well-played and extremely close game, the singles championship was carried off by Elizabeth Wallace, defeating last year's champion, Susan Cassels. In the doubles, after another close game, Heather Morris and Elizabeth Napier emerged as the winners over Anne Dowie and Susan Hanson. The Junior finals were equally exciting. Susan McMaster played well to defeat Virginia Price in the singles, while Sally Scott and Diana Stewart won the doubles against Cynthia Gordon and Virginia Price.

SUSAN HANSON, VI B.

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TENNIS REPORT

The beginning of the Summer Term launches Compton's tennis into full swing. Rumours have it that a few of the many enthusiastic players even practise on borrowed time—before the rising bell. If such enthusiasm holds out, this year's tournaments promise to be a great success. And then, of course, with such a big helping hand from Miss Ticehurst, success is guaranteed.

ANN DOWIE and BEV. ROONEY, VI A.

Dear Montcalmites,

As you read this letter you will all be planning for the summer ahead, but just for the moment let us think over this past year. We have all had our "stumbling blocks," but as we remember them now they weren't really as bad as they seemed.

For us this has been a terrific year, and we have always been proud to say that those "little darlings" in the pale blue ties were on Montcalm!

In future years when we take out our own pale blue ties and our Montcalm pins we shall also have taken out the memory of our "fabulous forty-eight," and shall smile again.

We wish you and your Prefects next year and in the years to come all the luck and happiness in the world. God bless you all.

With much love,

Linda and Tottie.



Dear Rideauites,

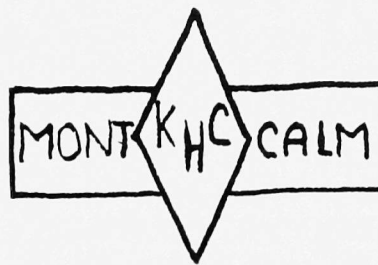
Another year draws to a close in the history of the school as well as in the history of our Rideau, and now it is time to write our "good-bye" message.

As we look back on the year we can sincerely say that each of you has done her best in contributing to the inspiring House spirit and to the sense of House solidarity. The competition with the other Houses has been especially keen but you have succeeded in upholding the Rideau standards. In both work and sports you have made us more than proud to be your Prefects.

There have been the good times and the bad, as always, but in the end it will be only the good times you will remember. With these as our parting words, we wish you the very best of luck always.

God bless you all,

Judy and Janet.



Dear MacDonalds

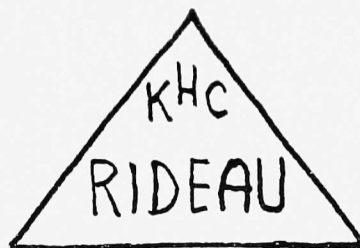
Another year is drawing to its close and as we look back to September '56 and the following months, we remember only how pleased we were to be your Heads and what a wonderful House you are.

We felt all through the year that you have been behind us in doing your best both in sports and work.

To next year's Prefects we wish the best of luck and we know that you, MacDonald, will give them everything you have in spirit and loyalty.

To quote Miss Gillard, "Not everyone can win the race, but everyone can finish it," and that's what you are doing, MacDonald, and we love you for it.

Heather and Lucy.



VI A MISCELLANEOUS COLUMN

For Rent—One “Bizzy” social charmer to the continent of Europe for the summer.

Wanted—Pat Archibald for the smuggling of a baby alligator, Jeremy Jew, from Florida to the precincts of K.H.C.

Lost—One Cinny Bailey at twelve midnight. Could be anywhere within school building. If found, please notify frantic room-mate.

Wanted—A job for a publicity promoter of Tadoussac; apply to Allison Beattie.

Found.—One letter from B.C.S. addressed to Mademoiselle Carling. Postage due.

For Rent—Public speaker Adie Cassils, guaranteed to speak under all conditions. If not satisfied, money refunded.

For Sale—Collection of fraternity ties—must be cleared before summer season. Call Brenda Cuthbertson.

Lost—Heather Dewar among a pile of novels and text books. Last seen entering the Crusades.

Tennis Lessons—at twenty-five cents each by qualified expert. Notify Anne Dowie.

For Sale—One dog-walker, prefers poodles; please contact Gail Goodeve.

Lost—One Cathy Harvie on the road to Rome. Speaks only Latin.

Wanted—One helicopter for weekend trips to Bermuda—small enough to land on school balcony, notify Cynnie Hutchins.

Job Wanted—For movie star impersonator; get in touch with Sheila Kelly.

Wanted—Diana MacDougall—for deserting the cause of mischief to become a Form captain.

For Rent—Expert on very latest European styles. Just back from the Continent and well informed, contact Honore MacDougall.

For Sale—One Algebra whiz. Intimately acquainted with X and Y. Apply to Miss X + Y Maclaren (Heather)

Found—One daredevil Wendy Maclaren, suspended from second storey window by one finger, thought to be one of the notorious twins.

Help Wanted—Pat McFetrick locked in phone booth—door jammed—strong arms needed for rescue work.

Lost—One acting minister from a Barrie play—goes by the name of Elise Menasché. If found return to cast.

Wanted—An effective powder to cover perpetual sunburn. Please call Joanne Millar.

For Sale—Expert dietician, guarantees success in every direction—Jane Mitchell.

For rent for the summer only—Compton's claim to fame—Gill Bastian.

Lost—One Florida tan amidst the brown skin girl seekers of a neighbouring village—belongs to Lorna Murray.

Found—A stowaway, Sandy Robertson, on the “Labrador” bound for the frozen north—navy personnel please claim.

For Sale—One used tennis racquet belonging to Bev. Rooney in exchange for lessons from L.C.C.

Job Wanted—For underwater photographer. Has had previous experience. Please contact Ann Sise.

Lost—One pair of glasses in the Balmy Barbadoes—now needed for exams. If found, please call Janet Taylor.

Found—One EX-Form captain “showing her medals,” thought to be Mary Jane Thompson.

For Rent—One acrobat, specializing in horse and rings; please notify Judi Vivian.

Wanted—An effective diet to check appetite by champion K.H.C. badminton player—Libby Wallace.

Needed—One automatic chocolate reacher to stave off hunger during choir practice—contact Pam Wright.

Lost—One Betty Gray to the Montreal Children's Hospital leaving an empty desk in the small VI A room—unable to be filled.

Acquired—A most wonderful Form mistress, Miss Keith, to deal with the unruly '57 VI A's. Our warmest thanks to her for her patience and understanding in bearing with us through thick and thin.



VI B ROLL CALL

Setting: The Form Room.

Elizabeth: I'm Form Captain; it's the second term.
"Sit down and stop talking." I must be firm.

Dixi: I should have a temper 'cause my hair is red
But I'm cheerful, gay and lively instead.

Gale: A triangle has how many sides?
Oh dear! I find it so hard to decide!

Heather: What is this meeting all about?
That we are orderly, I doubt.

Lyn: On organization we do not encroach—
This seems to be a negative approach.

Ruth: Form Captain from Easter till June was I.
My weight-gaining efforts caused many a sigh.

Bev: Some say I'm lucky because of my curls,
But, oh! How I envy the slimmer girls!

Jamey: I dance in oriental style
Please help me practise for a while.

Judy H: I think that 'phone call is for me;
It may be Bishop's—we shall see.

Penny: Sports Captain in the first term was I;
For my Form's soccer victory I did sigh.

Jennifer: I'm writing a letter to Uncle Sam
To tell them at home how go-o-o-d I am!

Di: I'm Sports Captain—do sit down.
Don't you dare to make a sound!

Shirley: The last term I'm Sports Captain for the Form.

'Tween mischief and work I'm often torn.
Kate: I must keep up my form in dancing
And for this reason I keep prancing.

Joan C: Will somebody help me with my Red Cross?
For what to do I am at a loss.

Marilyn: Can anyone give me a book to read?
For this is the kind of enjoyment I need.

Barbara: I room in a small two-room with Di.
I was new this year and am still rather shy.

Jareth: But I am not at all new here—
I've been working at Compton for many a year.

Judy B: I was first term Form Captain and worked hard too;
I room downstairs with Wendy and Moo.

Elaine: I speak French—my name is Elaine.
I ask not to be termed a "scatter-brain."

Gabrielle: Because I went abroad last year,
I find it rather dull back here.

Cindy: My name's Lucinda, and I am small,
But how I love to play basketball.

Daphne: In the Easter hols I went out west,
Now I'm back—but not to rest.

Sue: Often in prayers, the piano I play;
OH Lyn! Come and hear me practise today.

Rosemary: I room away 'way down in the wing
And all night long I laugh and sing.

Nancy: With Liz and Penny I cut capers,
And cram for examination papers.

Bonnie: Skiing and skating are my best skills,
And how I love to zoom down the hills.

Wendy: At night I put my locks in rollers
After I have brushed my molars.

Ann: My hands are quick and very nimble
When I'm working with that thimble.

Judy P: By the radio I am found,
But often to the phone I bound.

Joan: I came to this form at Thanksgiving,
And find it very pleasant living.

Mary: On the corridor we're between two Staff
Jennifer and I JUST like to LAUGH!

Pat: I may be small; but I'm all there
With vim and vigor in every hair!

Sue: My eyes are bad and for things I must hunt—
That's why they moved me up to the front (?).

Altogether: For Miss Hughes we'd like to say—
Three cheers—HURRAH! HURRAH! HURRAY!



V B FORM REPORT

This year there are sixteen girls in VB. They are Hope Haslam, Marcia Pacaud, Betty Taylor, Becky Romano, Margot Parker, Tory Rankin, Nancy Nichol, Judy Westwater, Gay Bell, Martha Meagher, Josette Cochand, Francie Bieler, Sue McArthur, Carol Sonne, Chelé Robertson, and Bonnie Bernier.

Our Form Captains were Tory Rankin, Judy Westwater, and Josette Cochand. The Sports Captains were Bonnie Bernier, Sue McArthur, and Marcia Pacaud.

In the Christmas term the VB's joined with the IVA's and IVB's to put on a play called "The Stranger."

In the second term nearly every day there was skating or skiing, and some of us went to Hillcrest to ski.

Sugaring was one of the early activities in the summer term. Some of us are quite good tennis players and some not as good, but we all enjoy it very much.

Miss Ramsay, our Form Mistress this year, has helped to make our year as V B's a wonderful one which we will never forget. Thank you, Miss Ramsay.

JUDY WESTWATER, V B.

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IV A FORM REPORT

In 1956-57 our form consisted of eight girls; namely, Diane Bignell, Rosita Caridi, Shireen Finch, Susan Gardner, Jennifer Giles, Anne Harrison, Catherine Stewart and Douglas Trudeau. Our Form Captains have been Catherine Stewart, Jennifer Giles, and Susan Gardner.

Our activities during the year were many. At our Hallowe'en party we went as a "Croc Walk." We had a Christmas play with the IV B's and VB's directed by Miss Hewson. Madame Landes helped us with all our little French plays and poems. There was a Valentine box in our room containing valentines for everyone, including our Form Mistress. Everybody in our form made articles for the Red Cross. Once a week we had Scottish Dancing in the gym.

Everyone agrees that we had a congenial group and that we have had a happy year. We would all like to thank Mrs. Elliott, our Form Mistress, for everything she has done for us.

JENNIFER GILES, IV A.

IV B FORM REPORT

In IV B this year there were three of us in the first term: Caroline Massey, Debby Rankin and Tony Sharp. Barbara Baker joined us at Christmas. Each of us has been Form Captain for a time during the year.

For the Hallowe'en party, we went as the "Three Little Savages." We were all soldiers in the play "The Stranger" which was produced by Miss Hewson and we also acted in Mme. Landes' French plays.

During the second term we made cards for Valentine's Day and put them in a large red post-box in our Form Room. One Sunday Miss Gillard asked us to tea with the VB's and IVA's. Each of us made something for the Red Cross and we were all at the Red Cross supper.

We would like to thank Miss Syme and everyone who helped in making this an enjoyable year.

IV B.

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HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT

Under the guidance of Miss Dostie, we again spent a very interesting and profitable year.

The regular classes—taken by all girls from IV B to VIB (inclusive)—taught us both sewing and cooking. Many beautiful and useful articles of clothing were made, including blouses, skirts, shorts, shirts, and dresses, as well as knitted things. Cooking was, of course, enjoyed by all—especially when every thing went so well that sampling proved enticing.

Evening and week-end sessions supplemented the regular classes and made it possible for us to produce countless pieces of clothing and other articles for the work of the Red Cross. Some of our efforts have been held back for our June display.

Thank you, Miss Dostie, for your interest and patience and for the many extra hours that you gave us to make our year so successful.

ANN TAYLOR, VI B.

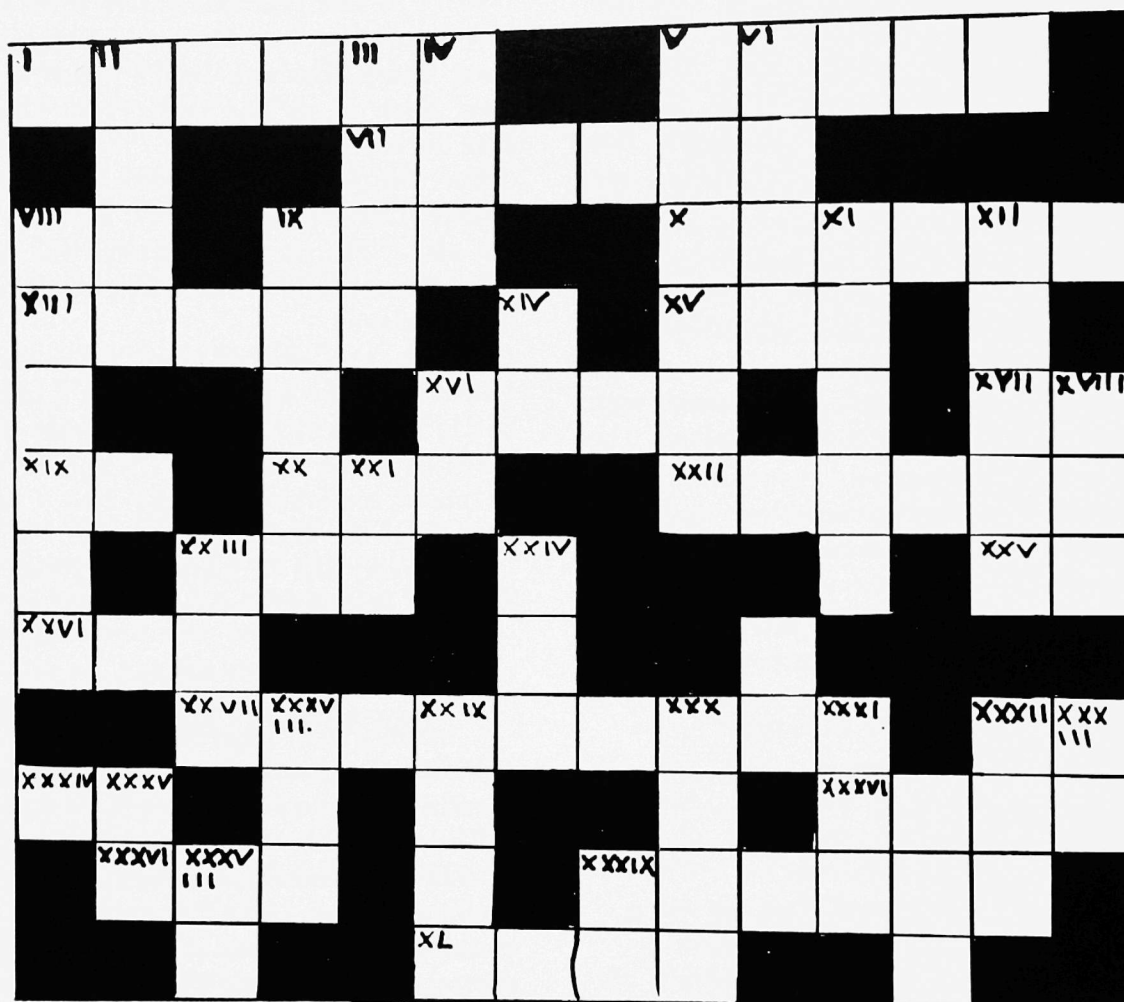
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JUNIOR CURRENT EVENTS

This year Miss Syme kindly devoted her Tuesday evenings to enlightening us on the interesting subject of current events. We were given clippings from newspapers and were shown maps of strategic positions all over the world. Needless to say we looked forward to our evening sessions. Sometimes a few would take part in debates on various topics; such evenings afforded much enjoyment.

RUTH PEVERLEY, VI B.

AENIGMA VERBALE



Vestigia—Transversa (Across)

- I. A Famous Roman leader.
 V. The Slaves were not this.
 VII. The inhabitants of a small country near France & Germany.
 VIII. "is, ea - -"
 IX. It must be obeyed.
 X. Anyone.
 XIII. When I wound someone, I - - - - them.
 XV. An adverb; for a long time.
 XVI. Preposition meaning the opposite of "after"
 XVII. A pronoun; 2nd person singular.
 XIX. As, when
 XX. Now (adverb).
 XXII. One who works for another.
 XXIII. " - - -, has, haec."
 XXV. A form of the verb "to give." XXVI Not spelled in this way in "A. D."
 XXVII. "Vox - - - - in Deserto."
 XXXII. A preposition having two different meanings.
 XXXIV. Present stem of the verb "to give."
 XXXVI. - - - -, eadem idem.
 XXXVII. Moses was the Israelites' - - - - -.
 XXXIX. I reject.
 XL. se, sui, - - -, se.

Vestigia Erecta: (Down)

- II. I hide (transitive form.)
 III. I go away.
 IV. A sceptre belongs to a - - -.
 V. You (sg) will injure or harm.
 VI. Third principal part of the verb "to hurl."
 VIII. Sardinia and Corsica are these.
 IX. A legion.
 XI. An interrogative adverb.
 XII. iste, iste, ----.
 XIV. a common conjunction.
 XVI. Puell - - video (sg)
 XVIII. A perfect participle.
 XXI. Puell -- video (pl)
 XXIII. Hic, haec, ---.
 XXIV. A numerical adjective (fem).
 XXVIII. Prima - - (daybreak).
 XXIX. They form the physical backbone of Italy (sg).
 XXX. I give you (sg) this.
 XXXI. So.
 XXXII. Ablative singular of "god."
 XXXIII. Caesar auctoritat - - - habuit.
 XXXV. to, towards.
 XXXVIII. ad hort ----.
 XXXIX. from.

JOAN CORDEAU AND LYN CARTER.

(See answers on page 48)



CONTRASTS

Do you like giraffes and zebras? What sort of clothes do you admire, a beige sweater and skirt, or a black and white striped blouse with a smart skirt? Don't people who are gay one moment and depressed the next fascinate you? Have you ever looked at an old man minding his grandson? Have you ever seen a glass sky-scraper beside a three storey building with an outdoor fire-escape? Do you ever remember having roast beef for dinner and rice pudding for dessert? And have you ever watched two women walk down the street, one with a silver-grey stole and a posh poodle, the other wearing a tattered red sweater and accompanied by a loyal mutt? If you are aware of all these things you like contrasts, and if you like contrasts, you'll love Rome!

London is old and mysterious, New York is gay, but Rome . . . Rome haunts you. There, in the heart of the city the colosseum stands like a huge traffic circle. Its walls are old and crumbling, tier on tier, arch on arch. Its benches are of stone, row on row, higher and higher. . . What a magnificent sight it must have been, with shouting crowds and shining chariots! Now it is ancient and empty, and the shouts of the Romans have changed to the whispers of tourists. Round about it, Rome is rushing, little black taxis, small green Vespas and cumbersome clanking trolley-cars, all hurrying to and fro beside the lazy waters of the Tiber.

There are hundreds of wonderful people in Rome, laughing, crying, loving, and hating. A stocky man from Missouri chats with a dark, willowy, good looking Italian about things that happened centuries ago.

You see the fiercely white monument to Victor Emmanuel who liberated Italy, and a few feet away, on a brick wall, in large white letters curses to the foreign troops of the last war. The thick high walls, that once protected Rome from armies which came on foot with swords and shields, would be useless against armies that come in planes with bombs.

In every age there is news to be spread. In the old Roman days many a messenger ran along the straight and sturdy Appian Way, carrying dispatches from city to city. Now there are the vivid news stands displaying magazines from all countries, with covers ranging from risqué French models to prissy English statesmen.

Lordly St. Peter's, with its massive dome and elegant fountains, stands guard over the city. And near by are the dark winding, secret tunnels of the persecuted Christians.

There will always be a Rome, with glistening fountains and shadowy gardens, with up-to-date schools and colourful cafés, with ancient forums and fortresses, and with its people always gay when not angry, always singing when not eating, and always hopeful even when defeated.

ANN IDDON, Matric.

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WHAT ROOTS DO

If you should ever ask anyone what roots are, or what they do, you would probably get the immediate answer "Roots hold moisture and food for plants to live on," or "Roots, especially grass roots, keep the topsoil from blowing away and leaving only the barren rocks." The dictionary says that "a Root is the part of a plant that attaches it to the earth and conveys nourishment from the soil to the plant."

However, have you ever asked a school girl what a root is and what it does? Well, since I am a school girl myself, I shall answer that question. Roots are expressions in algebraic questions to make us thoroughly confused and agitated. Why, they are enough to drive you completely and incurably insane—that is, if you don't know how to solve them. There are square roots, cube roots, fourth roots, fifth roots and so on. I often wonder what would happen if someone discovered a question containing a fiftieth root, or some fantastic number like that? No doubt he would spend the rest of his life in a padded cell, tearing up little pieces of paper and then trying to glue them back together again.

When you are first acquainted with these roots—usually, square roots—they don't seem very difficult. However, as you proceed these simple problems become much too confusing because somebody decided to mix all the roots up. This means that instead of being able to solve the problems quickly, using only one method, you have to try to think of a hundred different rules for each root in the question. Finally, several-pencils-and-waste-paper baskets-full-of-paper later—and a few hot-headed words thrown in—your answer, if it may be labelled such, looks so involved and complicated, that in a passionate fit of rage you hurl the book across the floor and then feel very sorry for yourself.

This is what roots can do to a poor school girl who hasn't the ability to conquer them. The only answer I can offer for this problem is "Algebra, let the roots be a help to the trees, the flowers and the seeds but please leave "us squares" alone!"

SUSAN CASSELS, Matric.

LE RETOUR

The magnificent hall of the ancient chateau was almost empty. Rays of light from the fading sunset filtered through the high Gothic windows to cast a rosy tinge on the vaulted ceiling. The rich tone and colour of several splendid oil paintings blended with the rose-tinted arches and columns.

On an ornate marble bench beneath a stone carving of two prancing horses sat a small mademoiselle of about five years. In the vast room she seemed the size of a mite—a very cross mite at that. Curly blonde hair encircled a small pouting face, while big black eyes, filled with the awesome wrath of an indignant five-year-old, stared furiously at myriads of angels and cherubs playing across the carved ceiling. The little mademoiselle's frilled organdy frock was rumpled and dirty. In her chubby hands she clutched a wooden doll, which she banged against the bench to the rhythm of her swinging feet. She seemed alone and abandoned.

The sun sank lower and lower.

In the centre of the room, by an exquisite marble statue of the goddess Venus, stood a beautiful young woman. She was a work of art more beautiful than the carvings or the old masterpieces. She could be called the painting of "The Expectancy of Joy." Black eyes, a delicate nose, rosebud lips, and a flawless white complexion were framed by a mass of flaming red hair. The faint pulse-beat in her slender throat betrayed her excitement as she stood poised and waiting.

The last faint glimmer of the dying sun crept slowly up the walls.

Through the great bronze doors strode a tall, well-built young man. His lean face was tanned a deep brown and topped by the most amazing blonde hair. He wore his charcoal-grey suit with the careless grace of one who has a life of ease and comfort, but the faint traces of lines across his forehead indicated that this had not always been so. In his brown hands he carried a huge bouquet of white roses and a gaily wrapped parcel.

Suddenly his blue eyes filled with sparkles and twinkles and a broad smile broke out on his firm, decisive lips.

With a happy shout he cried, "Maria, my darling, and my little Mademoiselle Lucy."

The young woman with a cry of delight flung herself into the arms of her husband. The little mademoiselle, all traces of anger gone, ran across the room crying, "Papa, Papa."

HEATHER DEWAR, VI A.

A GIFT FOR HIS DAUGHTER

He was very elated—in fact, quite nonsensically happy as he swung along the crowded street that clear June morning, full of gay exuberance.

"How could anyone remain dour and downcast on such a morning? Why didn't everyone shout for joy?"—as he was very near doing himself!

For he, as of six days ago, was the father of an eight pound baby girl! And Mary was coming home with her that very afternoon! He must have a special present awaiting them—something Mary had not seen—a surprise!

As he pushed his way through the bustle of early morning shoppers, he wondered what he could buy. Together, he and Mary had spent months in planning the baby's room and wardrobe. Surely they had everything that any baby could wish for. Then it struck him—the very thing; and he walked even faster—marching to the exultant music in his heart.

He hurried back and forth from room to room in the little house. My family is coming home—my family is coming home—even his own footsteps beat out the glad chorus. Any minute now—and then, there they were. Mary and their daughter! As soon as he had them settled comfortably in the cheery living room, he showed them his surprise—something for the baby to wear—a pair of shiny rubber boots!

"Size two, the nurse said she was big and bonny," he declared proudly.

Then he wondered why his pretty wife began to cry. He was even more puzzled by her explanation.

"Because I love you, dear!"

RUTH PEVERLEY, VI B.

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THE CLOWN

There is a clown who has a frown,
And has his face on upside down.
With a balloon in one hand he laughs,
And does a handstand.

It really is a funny thing,
To see a clown that tries to sing.

He is small, and squat, and fat,
And wears the most remarkable hat.

It has stripes of blue and green,
And should really never be seen.

The crowds are laughing, the crowds are sad,
The clown is leaving and that's too bad.

LUCY CARIDI, V A.

DESTINATION HILLCREST

"There she blows!" someone whispers to you as the three o'clock bell clangs in the distance heralding the end of classes. The teacher is swept from the room by the mass exodus of VI A. They thump along the corridors and up the stairs in ski socks, slacks, and sweaters.

"Bet I beat you down," screams a figure flying past as you dash into your room. This time, you plan, you will do things systematically. Lay everything out and go to it from there. Ski boots? Check. Tow mitts—mitts? Where? Now think. Don't panic. It'll come to you. Oh, yes, someone borrowed them yesterday, but who? You don't remember. You must. The cogs turn. Of course! You dash into the room across the hall; wreak havoc in the drawers and find them on the chair. Back to the room. Hat? Now, it was here a minute ago. You turn accusingly towards your roommate, "What did you do with my hat? Well someone must have it; it's not here now and it was a minute ago. You sure? Oh! excusez-moi, here it is, on the floor."

Jacket? Down the hall to the cupboard; not there. Down to the opposite end of the corridor. You find it in a ball on the floor and dash back to the haven to take stock.

People are all dressed except you and are yelling insulting and disturbing things about what will happen if you keep the bus waiting. You jam on your ski boots, not stopping to lace them. Tie your jacket around your neck and jam your mitts into your pocket. Lipstick! You nearly forgot. Careful now, not enough to be really noticeable—remember Niagara peninsula blast furnaces, but enough so that there will be no doubt in anyone's mind that you have some on.

All ready? You take a mental note and get completely confused. A last and painful look at your 'little bit of home' which looks as though 'Hazel' and 'Edna' had passed through, and you tear down to the bus, as fast as anyone can tear in loose skiboats, only to discover that Miss Keyzer is quite firm about having a coat, which you haven't. Up again. You wonder if Hilary felt this way climbing Everest. Of course it wasn't quite the same, but then you haven't an oxygen mask and that should count for something. Down again. If you fall over those poles someone has thoughtfully left in the middle of the hill, just once more—!!

"Step on it. We've been waiting for you."

You swallow all nasty remarks and, wishing Miss Gillard were there to witness your self control,

clamber onto the bus, which has conveniently parked itself in front of a large snow pile.

The door slams and the bus roars off with a jerk that hurls you onto someone's lap. Apologies all around. You weave your way through chattering females, speculating on whether or not Bishop's has its ski holiday today and if so, who intend, if what one hears is true, to crawl under a seat and quietly die.

"Oops, sorry!" You just missed sticking someone's eye with your ski pole. Only two more poles to fall over and you wedge yourself, safe but bruised, into a back seat.

The idea of bus sickness crosses your mind as, going over a bump, your head comes in contact with the roof.

When you have finally collected your possessions around you, done up your ski boots and come to a sane and fairly calm state of mind—"The covered bridge!" someone yells and the ensuing mad scramble is indescribable. The person who invented the system of wishing while going under a covered bridge should be chopped into little pieces and pickled. For the few ignoramuses, allow me to give the procedure necessary to assure the fulfilling of your wish. With one hand you touch a button, with the other the ceiling; both feet must be off the floor. You shut your eyes, hold your breath and, of course, there must be complete silence; unfortunately there are invariably kill-joys along who take a cruel delight in breaking into "There's a tavern in the town," just as darkness closes in. Anyway, most of us don't really believe in it, at least that is what we wish everybody to believe.

Finally the St. Moritz of southern Quebec looms ahead. The bus lurches drunkenly to a stop. Your heart sinks as you notice that only the Prep boys are gracing the slopes today; and with a last pat to your hair you climb out into the glorious sunshine.

Naturally your skis are the last to be unloaded and you feel a bit foolish as you slip uncomfortably over the ice of the driveway and down to the tow. I've got a secret passion for the platter-pull—that feeling of just relaxing and letting that little disc carry you up—reminds you of riding on a hobby horse, anyway—you begin to ascend the perpendicular cliff, holding on for your life and grimly imagining what exactly would happen if you fell off—if you have an aversion to heights—I advise you strongly not to look back—I have and I did—and felt slightly air sick. When you get off at the top with several trails branching off and people

calling to you to try this one or that, you begin to wish there was another platter-pull going down, but you summon all your excess bravery which, all in all, is just about enough to get you started down the Mile Run. You debate whether or not to go straight, and in a fit of daring hold your nose, close your eyes, and plough. Whoosh! wham! You come in contact with a pine which you swear was not there when you started. With the resolution to keep your eyes open at all costs, this time you push off with frantic and uncomfortable snow-plow turns from one side of the trail to the other. The end of one hill, you notice proudly, and only one mishap as you again go into awkward turns. A friend (?) streaks past in a swirl of snow which blinds you and sets you off balance. Swallowing rude remarks you pick yourself out of a snow bank, make a mental note of the smart-alec and shove off—

Wheee! round a corner, down, round again—wham! as you unwrap yourself (gingerly) from around a pine tree you give vent to expressions of disgust about patches of ice unmarked by flags or something. There should be signs saying "right turn," etc. as there are in driving, you decide, as three-quarters of you dangles over a cliff. Undaunted, you push on. Took that hill nicely and that one too; falling at the bottom doesn't count; it's getting down that matters, you contemplate, as you progress down the slope, completely pigeon-toed, knock-kneed, and a panicky expression on your face. With your poles flying. "Will you or won't you?"



J.C.

Wham! Right through the fence! You knew that would happen if you shut your eyes again. Oh, well! You grimace as a couple of B.C.S. boys roar straight down, and laugh as they pass you. You can feel yourself turning a vile colour—up again. You'll show them—watch it!

Wham! You wiggle each part of your anatomy separately, starting from the toes and working up. When you are assured that the old machine will still function, you rise painfully and search for your poles, which are scattered over the countryside. What, you think viciously, were they trying to prove—putting a jump in the middle of the trail with no marker!—trying to kill someone? Still muttering grimly you manage to make it to the end of the trail, exhausted.

"Only once more," warns Miss FitzGibbon as I line up for the platter pull with dark thoughts.

"Whack," you come in contact with the lodge as you come down the hill at the back. Your friends break into uncontrolled mirth and though your sense of humour is pretty well shot you manage a watery smile and, contemplating the destruction of the human race, you undo your skis and climb into the waiting bus. Someone hands you a hotdog and a coke and you realize you are famished. You find your seat, and the bus takes off with a roar of the exhaust. You lean back, deliciously tired, munching your hotdog, and slowly your good humour returns, and you admit that, after all, it had been a pretty good afternoon.

CYNTHIA HUTCHINS, VI A.

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OVER THE TRACKLESS SNOW!

It was Christmas Eve. The absolute stillness of the night was awe-inspiring. A brilliant moon stood guard in the fathomless heavens, and each star seemed to have dropped a tiny replica of itself to dance on the snow. A great fir stood tall and majestic, while a slender birch sent its silvery spire upwards.

As I gazed in rapture on this stirring picture of serenity, I realized that on such a night had Jesus Christ been born in Bethlehem. My soul was moved to grateful prayer by the beauty of the scene before me.

As I looked, each tiny branch of the huge fir tree began to move. It was as though a thousand angels fanned the great King of the Forest. A barely perceptible sound of singing floated on the air from the town. It was Christmas Day.

RUTH PEVERLEY, VI B.

A JOY FOREVER

The ocean is a thing of beauty. It has many moods—each one beautiful in its own way. When it is calm and placid the sea is like glass, reflecting the sky and clouds, the trees which line the shores of headlands and islands, and perhaps the mast of a boat or the flight of a bird. The water is colourless, and the reproduction of a picture in it is truly wonderful.

But when a storm comes up and the strong winds start to whip and whistle, the ocean begins to darken with the sky until it is an angry grey, covered with large whitecaps chasing each other in a mad rush over a dark, wavy sea. Where are these waves going, and why? When they reach land they will just dash themselves against rocky shores and sandy beaches, thundering as they crash and break into white froth, only to disappear. Wave after wave follows to its death after one mad gallop across turbulent waters.

Under the surface, however, are clear green depths. Unsolved mysteries lie on the unknown bottom, often too far below the surface to glimpse. How green and sharply transparent are these waters, which hold many odd creatures from the warmth of the sun. But oh, how blue the sea is from above on a bright summer day as small gusts and breezes blow merrily over its bright dazzling surface, rippling and waving the water as they whisk by on their happy journey!

These moods of the ocean are vastly different, and yet each one is remembered for its own particular beauty, which is indeed "a joy forever."

WENDY MACLAREN, VI A.

—o—

FACES

The other day I met an old school friend of mine, whom I had not seen for years. I was only passing through the town of Innsbruck and, as I had four vacant hours before my plane left, we decided to have tea together in a nearby restaurant. School day memories floated into our minds. Then we remembered our first day at boarding school. We were both just eight, and it was our first time away from our parents. We were trying to get our first glance at Vevey's teachers when she walked. Her head was held high, her back straight, and her legs stiff; she wore glasses on the end of her nose. She turned around, removed her spectacles, and surveyed the class. Silence

reigned. Then she smiled. A warm feeling surged in the little pitter-pattering hearts. What a difference that smile had made.

Another summer we had worked together in an under-privileged camp. On the day the campers arrived we went to the station to meet them. Thin, ill looking children descended from the train. They were chewing gum and were carrying little suitcases and paper bags for their clothes, and stacks of comics. Their faces were white from the lack of sun, their eyes told a story of poverty and unhappiness, and their little mouths quivered as if they were going to cry. These children had come away from the turmoil of the city to spend a healthful vacation in the country. Immediately after they had settled down I noticed that their cheeks were rosy and that merriment was reflected in their eyes. One night at a camp fire I noticed Ephe gazing into the flames. She was a girl from Greece. Now her eyes were expressing the love, security, and happiness she felt here at camp.

Another year we were going to visit an old school friend. We were standing in the station when I noticed a tall, good-looking, well dressed European walk by. His face was hard, just as if he had gone through many difficult years. Someone told me that a train of Italians was due any minute. I watched the immigrants as they came off the escalators. There was one woman who especially drew my attention. She was a fragile little woman dressed in black. When she was off the escalator she stood still and pivoted on her foot searching for a familiar face. Her eyes passed over everyone. Would he be there? Would he look the same? Would she recognize him? Her eyes portrayed all these questions—and then I saw the tall, good-looking Italian run towards her. His eyes were filled with tears; he threw his arms around her and embraced her. How happy they looked together. Maybe it was just my imagination but when the woman started talking to the Italian, her face already expressed a tranquility which it had not shown before.

My, the time flew! My afternoon was over and I had to get back to the airport. As I was sitting in the T.C.A. plane, I thought how life had changed the face of that friend. She was no longer a care-free school girl but a mother, a woman of the world.

Some people always notice other people's shoes, hats, and hands but I notice faces. To me every single face has a story behind it—a life.

LUCY DOUCET, Matric.

SEVENTEEN PROMISES

The day was a bleak one. The half-snow, half-sleet of mid-January pelted down, making it impossible to see more than five feet ahead. Out of this storm came a voice calling "All aboard!" Old friends sadly parted, with promises of returning again in the near future.

The trans-continental pulled out, but just as it did, the station office received an urgent wire from further east along the line saying that the storm had turned into the worst blizzard they had ever seen. Therefore, the station-master was to hold all trains. On receiving this message the telegraph operator rushed desperately to the teletype machine and frantically started pounding out the message which he was destined to repeat over and over again that fateful night. The train's communication had suddenly and mysteriously been cut off and that train, the trans-continental, was heading right into the storm.

As the train sped through the night, the engineer was becoming more and more troubled. Was he imagining things, or was the storm really getting worse? Why couldn't he get through to the station? What had gone wrong? The evening passed and the passengers one by one went to bed thinking they would have a good sound sleep and be ready for the next day. For some there would be no next day.

At about two in the morning the trans-continental roared through the little town of Cap Rouge. The engineer was suddenly put on the double alert by what he thought was a train whistle. He decided, however, that it was just the wind and said nervously, "This storm is getting on my nerves; I was sure I heard——"

His hands froze on the controls; his mind went blank in sudden terror, for there, coming down the tracks with its headlights knifing the darkness, was the west-bound train. The engineer, panic-stricken, grabbed the brake and jammed it on, but to no avail.

There followed a piercing shriek and a horrible, sickening crunch made by the two trains being crumpled together like accordians. Then all was deathly silent.

When the rescue crew arrived they found all but three of the twenty-seven cars overturned. On some of the overturned cars the wheels were still slowly revolving. Splintered glass lay all around, and the twisted and crushed cars were the picture of utter destruction. After five wear-

some, heartbreaking days the wreckage was finally cleared from the tracks.

I suppose you read about it in the newspapers. It was in the headlines all over the country. Seventeen people were killed and fifty-six were injured. My friend was on that train. Her promise of returning will never be kept—her promise, along with those of sixteen others. SUSAN HANSON, VI B.

—o—

SISTERLY THOUGHTFULNESS

Every day for several weeks on my way to and from school I had noticed a small, ragged girl standing outside a certain colourful toy-shop window, staring at the toys with a very inquisitive look on her face. A couple of times I had been tempted to ask her what she was looking at, but something else must always have taken my attention, because I never did. This kept up for so long that my curiosity was aroused and I decided to look in the window and see for myself what was so fascinating. I stood in front of the window and searched every corner, but I could not see anything that would interest a little girl—even a little ragged one. After all, why would girls be interested in cars, fire-trucks, blocks, or toy boats? I could not understand it, and resolved once more to ask the child, the very next time I had the chance. . . At lunch time the next day I passed the window, and there she was, as usual.

I walked up to her casually and said, "Hello, what are you looking at?"

She looked up, her small face bright with anticipation, and asked, "What are those things over there?"

I looked where she pointed, but could see nothing except some blocks with odd pictures on them.

"The pictures, you mean?" I asked.

"No, no, the things they're on."

I finally took her inside and asked her to show me. Immediately she brought me to where the blocks were and after some time I came to the conclusion that she had never seen blocks before in her life. Out of pity, and eagerness to see what she would do, I bought her some.

After receiving them she looked at me with all the gratitude that her eight years could command and said, "Thank you so much. Now Timmy will have something to play with."

Then she ran out of the toy-shop, and I haven't seen her since. It goes to show what some sisters will do for their little brothers—what others would never dream of doing.

JUDY HOUSE, V A.

THE SUNSET

The scene below me in the tiny bay
Was like a picture in an artist's dream.
The sun above sent out a sparkling ray
Of light that filtered thro' the silver stream,
Down to its rocky bed.

The sky was brilliant scarlet streaked with light,
And far below it danced the sea;
The sea-gulls cried out clear in flight,
As all things do when they are free,
Silhouetted against the flaming red.

The crimson sea and white-capped waves
Were dancing, far below.
The soft grey rocks that formed the caves
With sunset were aglow.
And night came on with slow and even tread.
As I looked down at the cove so small
Surrounded by mountains high and grey,
And the cool surf striking its rocky wall,
And the red sun heralding the end of day,
I thought of approaching night with dread.

SANDRA ROBERTSON, VI A.

BIOLOGY WALK AND PICNIC

By Brer Rabbit

This essay I have dedicated to the rabbit world and especially to those poor rabbits who are constantly suffering the humiliation of being awakened from a nap or disturbed during a meal by the yelling, screeching, and clatter of a winter Biology walk. Now a summer walk I don't mind, but when the beautiful peace and tranquility of the woods in winter is turned into havoc by these specimen-seekers, it really is too much for us rabbits to bear. They poke their noses into our burrows, they walk on our paths with their big feet, and they stare at us through enormous, big, black glasses. We rabbits aren't the only ones to suffer. On a certain walk last Saturday, they so completely confused Miss Sparrow by twittering at her and calling her everything from a Blue Jay to a Canada Goose that she packed up her bags and migrated south. I must admit, though, not all Biology walks are completely destructive. There was one particular walk that changed my attitude towards them.

It was a beautiful, moderately warm, sunny day in the middle of February and, as on every sunny day like this, I was sound asleep beside my burrow enjoying the stillness of the woods and soaking in the lovely warmth of the sun. Suddenly I was awakened by the high-pitched voice of someone shrieking, "Look out Cy, the toboggan's going to--!"

A horrible crash shook the ground, followed by

a snicker and silence. When I had finally managed to unwind myself from around the root in front of my burrow, I peaked through the bushes. There, almost on top of me was a toboggan tipped over on its side with about twelve frantic girls running around trying to recover all the pots and food scattered on the ground. One of them stood watching the others and tapping her foot. She had a box around her neck which played music and, because I was so fascinated by it, I decided to down all fear and follow the walk. Keeping at a safe distance, I hopped behind the procession in time to the music.

We walked and walked until finally the one carrying the music box yelled, "One, two, three, ha-a-a-l-l-t. At-t-t-e-e-n-n-tion. We will eat here. Scatter and collect some fire wood while I make camp."

Everyone scattered and came back with piles of twigs and logs and dumped them into a hole in the ground. I really don't think I've ever witnessed such a painful meal in all my life. The stuff that they ate was beyond anything imaginable. At one point the frying pan was filled with steak, bacon, grease, sticks, and eggs that looked as though they had been hit with a sledgehammer.

When the meal was over, and all orange peels and paper had been picked up, they all departed into the woods. I don't know exactly what happened after that because I decided to stay around and sample the food. Suddenly my eye caught sight of the music box sitting on a coat in the snow. I don't know how I did it but when my nose pushed a knob the music started to play. I had a wonderful time nibbling at bits of bacon and cookie and listening to the box playing. An hour passed and I heard them all returning. Jumping up I hid myself in the bushes to see what would happen.

Some one said, "But Miss Wallace I **did** turn it off. I really don't see - - -."

I decided it was time to go. As I hopped away I felt terribly sad that it was all over. Even though these people had queer habits, I really had benefited from the experience.

Biology walks can be fun!

SUSAN BLACKBURN, Matric.

SPRINGTIME

Tulips in the garden fair
Flowers growing everywhere.
Daisies blooming by the stream,
Daffodils shining in full gleam,
And on the lips of those who sing
The joyous melody of spring.

JENNIFER WOODS, V A.

MIDNIGHT SKI JAUNT

Late one night a jalopy came to a stop outside our back door. Pat jumped out, ran up the steps, and called me.

"Say, Judy, do you want to come skiing?"

"I'd love to, Pat. What time to-morrow, and where do we meet?"

"No, dill, not to-morrow; now!"

"In the dark?" I cried.

"No, no! Torch skiing at Cochand's."

Before I knew what was happening I was in the jalopy and off on a jaunt which was like a ride in a washing-machine. I escaped with nothing more than a bruised heel and a fearful distrust of jalopies. After a great scuffle in the dark we managed to get our skis on and find our way across a frozen lake to a ski-tow, which was in even more terrifying darkness than the lake had been. It was impossible to see the bumps and dips, but by hanging on as if my life depended on it I got to the top—on my feet. There, on the top of the mountain was a small log cabin, warm and snug. Lights shone through the frosted windows and smoke curled lazily from the chimney. Inside, people sat around rough wooden tables, ski boots dried in rows on the rafters, and flames licked hungrily at the pine logs in the fireplace. A bronzed man struggled in, carrying a girl like a sack of potatoes. He laughed as he put her among the boots on the rafters. After taking a look at the astonished faces he explained that the girl had no skis, but had insisted on joining the fun. He had carried her up.

There was a great deal of confusion in the small cabin. A steady stream of newcomers shouted greetings to their friends; a group of hefty men were trying to move a long table to the centre of the crowded room amid frenzied shouts of protest and instructions; while a troop of singers, "Les Joyeux Troubadours," had started a French-Canadian sing-song, which was rising above the din. Into this came our hostess, carrying a steaming bowl of fondu. The cheers she received stunned the others to silence.

One of the organizers stepped in to tell the non-Swiss how to eat the famous dish.

"Spear a crust with a fork like so," he said, "then dip it into the fondu. Pop it into your mouth steaming hot, then snap your mouth on it quickly. It's the only way to keep from burning your mouths."

He demonstrated, and amid shouts of laughter raced to the basin to douse his head in the water! When he had collected his dignity and wiped his face he came back to continue his instructions.

"Don't drop the bread in the fondu unless you came with a pretty girl. The penalty for messing the fondu is—you have to kiss your partner! And by the way, fellows, if you came alone you have permission to kiss any girl in the room!"

Then the fun began. How many tongues were burned and how many crusts were dropped no one knows. Ruddy faces glowed and eyes sparkled.

At midnight the boots came down from the rafters and people crowded out into the starry night. Skis were adjusted, torches lit, and the line of skiers started in a slow, winding procession down the slope. From the Chalet guests watched the flaming line of torches twist and turn like a writhing serpent casting an eerie light into the sky. At the bottom of the hill the torches were planted in the snow banks to light the way back across the lake.

Back in the jalopy I paid little attention to the bumps and jolts. My ears still rang with the sound of laughter and I smiled to myself as I thought of the skiless girls' hectic ride down the hill on the backs of the racing skiers.

JUDITH PERRON, *Matric.*

—o—

A LAKE ON AN AUGUST EVENING

The evening is still warm, although the blistering afternoon sun has fallen some hours ago into her pink and mauve bed of cotton clouds. The refreshingly cool waters of the lake silently lap over the beach of pebbles and glistening sand, while the reflection of the queenly moon forms a silvered pathway dancing across the lake. With their dangling arms, the graceful willow-trees that stand on guard around the lake, dab at the water.

The perpetual rhythm of the cricket's song in the summer night is sometimes interrupted by the lordly croak of a giant bull frog somewhere in the surrounding woods. Out of the trees comes the whooping eerie hoot of an owl, as he leisurely wings through the web of branches, searching the ground for prey. Here, by the lake this August evening, everything is naturally beautiful and restful—free from the incessant din and the artificiality of the city life. This is life in its most wonderful form.

JAMEY TROOP, VI B.

CANADIAN IMPRESSIONS

The sweet smell of apple blossoms;
A forest of trilliums;
Spring-freed streams, full and sparkling;
The thick amber of maple syrup;
The dewy scent of new green grass;
The first robin redbreast.

Prickly pine needles beneath bare feet;
The lazy drone of a June bug on a sultry August day;
Cool shade under a bower of tall oaks;
Hot noonday sun on your back.

The acrid smell of burning leaves;
School-house bells sounding over the crimson and
gold countryside;
The full harvest moon on All Hallow's Eve.

Pale sunlight on sparkly snow;
A black tree etched against an azure sky;
Clear spring-water chuckling through deep snow;
Church bells echoing through crisp, cold air;
The welcoming glow of a hearth-fire.

DIANA MACDOUGALL, VI A.

—o—

THE GREAT MOMENT

Oh what a joy to be alive and young! The night air was full of excitement from the jostling crowd as thirteen-year-old Bob's eyes, wide and sparkling, took in the scene before him. It was his second time at the "Yearly Carnival," and again he was filled with the thrill of the carnival as he had been the year before. He headed towards the Switchback, his favourite ride, his stomach somersaulting in anticipation of the twisting and lashing ride. Bob sauntered down the mid-way, his hands in his pockets, clinking the money he had saved especially for this particular ride. Under his arm was hitched a black and white panda bear, which he had surprisingly won at the shooting gallery. But now he had forgotten his past experience with the panda, and his thoughts lingered on his ride and the lights and the people around him.

To the left and right of him, stand after stand of shooting galleries, bingo games, "Who's Who," "Shoot-a-Penny," "Try Your Luck" competed for the passer-by's attention. A raucous voice rose above the roar. "Can you guess ages? Come and try your luck; win a couple of dollars! Try your luck, folks!"

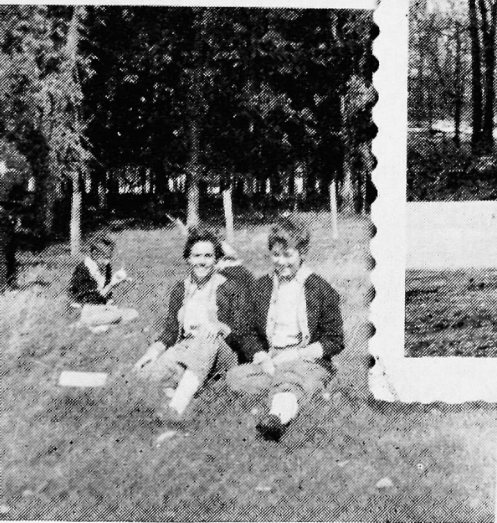
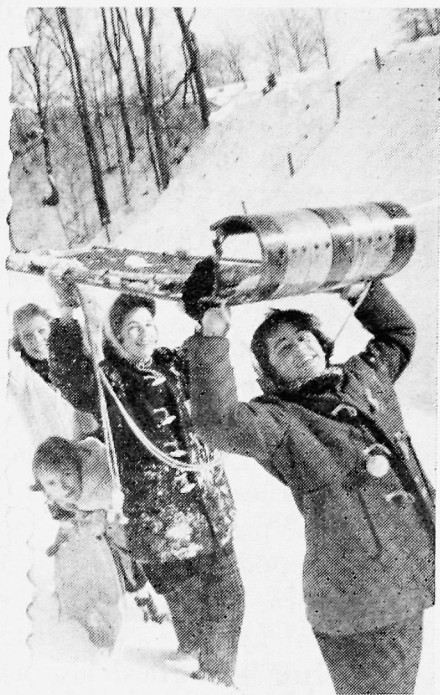
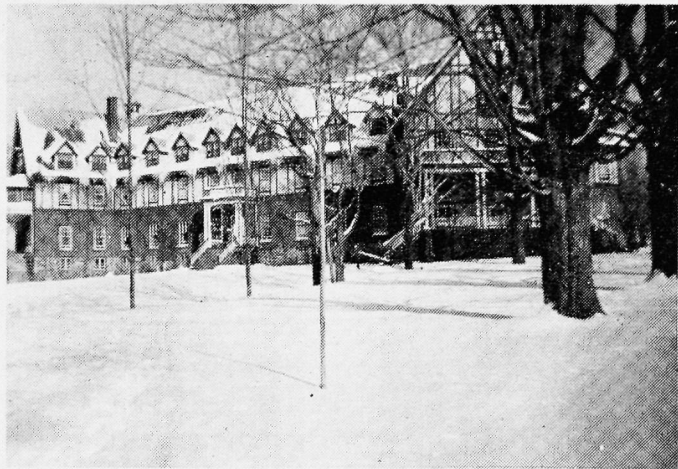
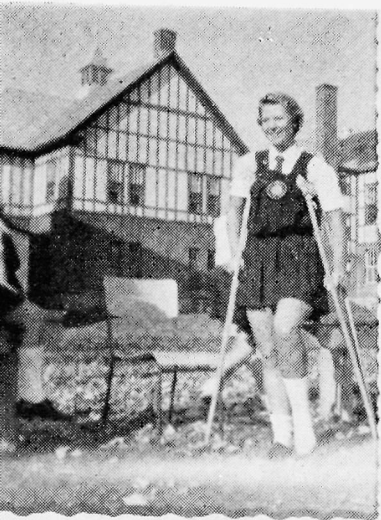
A little boy ran into Bob, his face plastered with sticky pink candy floss. He was crying, and Bob wondered if he was sick of candy or if he had lost his mother. Before he could look back, the little figure had melted into the crowd.

To the left of the gates rose the giant wheel, larger than the boy's thoughts had ever imagined. Splashes of yellow, green and blue betrayed the whereabouts of the giant switchback, as it dipped and swooped over the smooth snake-like rails. The colours seemed to swerve in time to the hollow but cheerful plunking of the hurdy-gurdy music which hung over the whole excited area. The screams of the people mingled with the other wonderfully thrilling sounds. Bob had a deep urge growing within him to hurry to the Switchback. It seemed to draw him on, regardless of the hesitant fear that mounted in the hollow of his stomach. He reached the ride, bought a ticket, waited with chills going up his spine and clutched his panda more closely. He was on at last!

The cars crept forward as if feeling ahead slowly and cautiously. Bob hung on, waiting for the expected. Suddenly alive and moving, the cars jerked into full speed and swooped out towards the black night. The cars twisted over, under, and around, and pitched up and down in anger like a beast shaking itself free of a heavy load. Bob's stomach heaved then lurched into loops as it tried to follow the patterns of movement. As the cars jerked and tossed from side to side, Bob's body was flung against one side, then the other. Going up-grade the cars strained and groaned in agony until the top was reached. Then like wild beasts let loose they jumped, realized their freedom, and flew, falling ever downward as a stone plunges to earth. Bob felt left behind; he had lost his breath away back somewhere and had not regained it. His stomach seemed to be trying its hardest to get free through his throat but not quite succeeding. The bottom was reached at last after what seemed to be an eternity. Gradually the cars levelled off as if they had had enough of the mad ride.

The ride had ended! Bob caught his breath and almost staggered off the cars, but his unknown fear had gone, and his face wore a blissful smile. He would save again for this pleasure ride when it would return again next year in all its splendour and ferocity. Meanwhile he was satisfied as he wandered off and disappeared into the crowd which closed in around him.

GILL BASTIAN, VI A.



THE FOUR



SEASONS

SAMMY

The large black and white sign was posted in restaurants, grocery stores, movie theatres, department stores, and buses. There was no mistaking the plain, black words, "All Public Schools are Open to Negro Children, By Federal Law."

The small coloured boy, Sammy, walked hesitantly down the street, and halted uncertainly before turning the corner, to cast one last look at his mother who stood framed in the doorway of the plain house.

A frown clouded the round, usually smiling face of the plump laundress as her small son disappeared from sight. She hoped that all would go well on his first day at school. The other women at the laundry had warned her not to send him, but she had been determined that he should get the education she lacked. The schools for white children were so much better; the children at the school for negroes were cruel and dirty. She had written a note in her best English and hoped it would explain things properly.

Sammy pattered along self-consciously among the business men hurrying for the early buses. He was extremely conscious of his new red blazer with the bright braid. It had been terribly expensive, he knew—so expensive that his mother had broken the piggy bank. A small bow tie was fastened snappily to the collar of his clean, if somewhat worn, white shirt. The small black hand that clutched the shiny yellow lunch box was clammy with fear. He didn't really want to go to school.

Sammy disengaged himself from the tide of traffic and moved timidly into the bus line. The crowd pushed urgently forward as the bus jolted to a stop. Sammy was jostled this way and that and in his haste he scrambled aboard the bus, dropping the bright yellow lunchbox into the gutter. The doors slammed shut leaving behind the all-important peanut butter sandwiches and apple.

Sammy wiggled his way to where the driver sat and timidly inquired, "How much?"

The bus driver beamed benignly, rather patronizingly and replied, "Ten cents, sonny."

Sammy fished in his pocket and held out the shiny quarter his mother had given him. "Is it enough?" he stammered.

"Just put in in the slot, and I'll give you the change," laughed the conductor remembering his own small boy. He inspected Sammy's new blazer. "You going to school, son?" he questioned.

"Yes, sir," replied Sammy, staring at the friendly

man, "for the first time," he added as an afterthought.

"Didn't your mother give you any lunch?" queried the driver as the bus swooped around a corner.

"I lost it getting on the bus," stated Sammy sadly.

"Well now, son, we'll just have to do something about that," the driver said as he handed Sammy his own lunch in a battered paper bag.

"Gee!" breathed the boy wonderingly.

The bus driver's grin grew wider and wider as Sammy's pink lips gradually curled around his white teeth, and his eyes crinkled slightly at the corners.

"What school are you going to?" asked the driver conversationally as he eased the bus in and out of the traffic. His eyebrows rose suddenly when the boy mentioned a small public school in a sedate residential area, where "Blacks" were not being accepted. The driver drove on in silence, wishing he could tell the little boy to go back home and forget about the school. "Here you are, son," he said kindly as he pulled into a tree-lined curb. "Good-bye and good luck."

Sammy stepped out onto the curb uncertainly and stood waving until the bus disappeared from sight. He then turned and walked slowly toward the red brick building where throngs of small children milled in a large, well equipped playground—some finding the new experience thrilling and adventuresome, others clutching at their mothers, tearfully begging to be taken home; but all the children were white. Sammy stood on the edge of the playground, gathering up his courage. He gulped several times; then headed resolutely for the nearest door. How he wished his mother had come! Silence descended suddenly on the noisy crowd as Sammy entered the play-ground; eyes lowered to the ground as the small figure headed determinedly towards the building. Sammy suddenly broke into a run, and headed for the nearest door. Small girls in fluffy pink dresses sobbed loudly, complaining about going to school with coloured children; small boys with clean faces and neatly brushed hair began to plan their campaign of war against the outsider.

Sammy stood breathless inside the heavy door, wondering what would happen next.

Miss Lambreth walked heavily down the hall, her grey hair waved and curled perfectly, her aging face without colour or interest, her matronly black dress immaculately clean, her sensible black

oxfords extremely shiny. She halted abruptly and stood staring near-sightedly at the black figure cringing behind the fire-extinguisher. She sniffed indignantly and then recovered herself enough to snap, "Come out at once."

Sammy crept slowly from behind the extinguisher to stand before her, his eyes on the floor.

"Well, what have you got to say?" she demanded harshly. "Well, speak up. What have you got to say?"

Sammy fished hurriedly in his pocket for the note, flustered by the unaccustomed tone, and handed it cautiously to Miss Lambreth.

"Umph," snorted Miss Lambreth as she read the poorly written note on cheap stationery. "You can't stay here, go home," she commanded harshly as she printed in large red letters on the bottom of the letter—"No coloured children accepted."

JUDI VIVIAN, VI A.

—o—

EL VOLCÁN de FUEGO

En Guatemala hay muchos volcanes, pero el que es más notable y más conocido es el Volcán de Fuego. Hace miles de años que este volcán erupta, echando fuego y lava de su boca.

Los Indios Mayas que vivían en Guatemala temían el volcán y creían que cuando eruptaba, y fuego salía de su boca, un dios estaba enojado y venía a castigarlos.

Luego vinieron los conquistadores españoles a la América Central. Ellos vinieron a Guatemala a reclamar tierra en nombre de la Reina de España y conquistar a los Indios. Los Españoles fundaron a Antigua, vieja capital de Guatemala, al pie del Volcán de Fuego.

Durante muchos años el volcán parecía dormido. De repente hubo un terremoto; las casas se cayeron; la boca del volcán se abrió otra vez, y lava comenzó a caer por sus lados. Fuego y humo salían al cielo. La gente no tenía a donde ir—solamente a las iglesias a rogarle a Dios que les salvase la vida. Pero aun las iglesias fueron destruidas y mucha gente murió.

Hoy día Antigua todavía está al pie del volcán. Hoy se quedan las ruinas de esos días. El volcán todavía continúa levantándose encima de la ciudad, echando fuego, lava y humo de vez en cuando. Pero, desde ese último gran terremoto no ha habido ningún otro igual, por suerte.

ANN SMITH, V A.

IS IT DEAD?

It often reminds me of a rainy day, of muddy puddles and of unhappy people who slosh down the street in very wet shoes. In this case, I see my very best, most expensive coat lying dirty and completely ruined in a large puddle! But on the other hand, my thoughts might turn to a cloudy day by the sea-shore. I notice that there is an angry storm brewing, and as I fly around, a little unsure of myself, I see on one side a huge nine-headed monster preparing to eat me up at the first chance, and on the other side I see a vast gloomy sea, whose waves reach up as if to grasp me and pull me down with them! If I am in a good mood, my thoughts will turn to a bright sunny day; I find myself riding through the woods; my horse stumbles into a pit and we stagger off through the brambles; then suddenly there looms before us a giant shadow. What is it? It is breathing hot fire that singes my eyebrows! Why, it's a dragon of course!

Oh yes! There are many forms of chivalry and I have just shown some extreme conditions under which this act was exercised during past centuries. I heave many a wistful sigh when I recall that beautiful act of chivalry in Queen Elizabeth's time; even if Sir Walter did lose a good cloak, I'm sure it was well worth it! Then we go back very far to the days when guys wore flying sandals to save their gals from nine-headed sea monsters. How lucky Andromeda was that Perseus didn't prefer the sea monster. The most romantic kind of chivalry, I think, was in King Arthur's time. In those days, knights in shining armour fought the fiercest of dragons to save their fair damsels—how very chivalrous of them!

But—is chivalry dead today? Certainly men don't throw their coats in puddles for their ladies; nor do guys wear flying sandals to save their gals from ferocious beasts; nor do knights kill fire-breathing monsters for beautiful maidens in distress. Even so, chivalry is not dead now. How wonderful it is when the young man honks to let his girl know he's ready to take her to the movie! How wonderful it is when he reaches over and takes the door off his "hot-rod" to let her in! Well, yes; she did stumble down the steps alone, and she did fall flat on her face only to be laughed at; and she did have to put the door back herself. But really, it's the little things that count— isn't it?

ELIZABETH NAPIER, Matric.

MURDER POINT

The canoes swept into the cove against the falling tide, all the Indians paddling strongly in perfect rhythm. The sea was its usual evening calm, the sunset a lovely orange-red; everything was serene and quiet. The Indians beached their canoes and settled down for the night.

Suddenly the lookout's keen eyes sighted a lone schooner drifting nearer and nearer them from behind the evergreen islands, her sails hanging like limp rags. He kept a strict watch on her all night as she lay anchored beneath the moon, but no one on board stirred. With the first pale streaks of dawn, however, a tender was lowered and all but the cabin-boy got in to go ashore. They were desperately in need of water. More than a week before this a storm had separated them from the rest of the fishing fleet, and this was their first contact with land. They had not trusted themselves to the dark, though, and were only now setting out for land.

The Indians lay low. As the tender scraped onto the beach and the men began to haul her up, they leapt into sight. They split the air with terrible war whoops, and their knives and spears gleamed pale in the early daylight. The fishermen, although they fought bravely, hadn't a chance. The Indians easily overpowered them and without any more ado proceeded to scalp them.

The cabin boy, horrified and nauseated, grabbed a knife and began to hack desperately at the anchor rope, hoping that the savages would not see him. Harder and harder he cut, trying with all his strength to make the rope split. Slowly it began to give, but out of the corner of his eye he could see a canoe putting out from shore. With an anguished gasp he dashed aft and began hauling on the main halyards. Finally he got the mainsail up, and began to cut the anchor-rope again. Fresh fear gave him fresh strength and he managed to sever the rope at last. Rushing aft again he grabbed the wheel and the boat slowly drifted toward the opening of the cove on the falling tide.

Unfortunately there was no wind. As he looked back he could see the expressionless faces of the Indians, who were closing the gap between themselves and his vessel. He hurriedly turned around again, his heart pounding furiously, but his veins surged with a new hope for he saw the water faintly rippling with a light breeze. As the Indians' canoe drew closer and closer, the breeze became stronger and stronger! Soon he was sailing out of the cove with heart-felt relief. The Indians, turning back in defeat, still did not change their expression-

less faces. The cabin boy turned away from them for the last time. Later on he managed to find the remainder of the fishing fleet and thus survived.

The story has lived on for more than two hundred years and that is how my grandfather's property, situated on the south shore of Nova Scotia, came to be called "Murder Point."

HEATHER MACLAREN, VI A.

PETER'S HOMECOMING

The day had unmistakably arrived. After an extensive absence of nearly fifteen days, due to the fracture of a certain tiresome collar-bone, Peter was actually arriving home.

He was compelled to leave home quite frequently as a result of unfavourable health. Each time he was missed with more sincerity, for each time he was expected never to recover.

This occasion had proved to be of a similar nature, and only yesterday a reassuring message from the doctor had brought the news that Peter had regained perfect health.

For the moment, all activities were centred around Peter's homecoming; every last thing was being done to make him feel welcome.

In the kitchen, the cook was busily preparing Peter's favourite supper, while a blazing fire was being lit in the drawing room, and an elegant new blue blanket was being laid with care on Peter's bed.

Very few minutes remained before his estimated arrival, and all were watching out the window, excitedly awaiting the taxi which was to bring him home.

Suddenly, the shrill voice of eight-year-old Jane was heard as she exclaimed, "There he is! I see the car! It's him, Mummy! It is!"

"Yes you're right, Jane!" returned her mother, showing an equal amount of excitement.

"I bet he's pleased to be home and out of that old hospital," shrieked ten-year-old Michael as he, together with his mother and sister, raced to the door and opened it.

"Oh, Peter! You've changed—you look so much better!" chorused the two children, as they watched their mother gather Peter fondly up in her arms!

"Yes, Peter, you do look well, and you should see the supper you're going to have tonight!"

Peter's watery eyes gazed devotedly up at his proud family, and he showed his love and appreciation in the only way he could—by a vigorous wagging of his short, stubby, golden tail, and a contented, "WOOF."

LYN CARTER, VI B.

TO CATCH A THIEF

A lanky young boy stood leaning against a black lamp-post, lighting a cigarette; then nonchalantly tossed the match to the ground. He glanced freely about him. His flashing blue eyes challenged anyone to remark that he was much too young to be smoking. Terry wanted to be thought far older than his years—at least that was his act, but at heart he was a normal, fun-loving boy of twelve. In most cases, as in this one, a child's behaviour is the result of his life at home. There was little or no love in the Grim family, and any that did exist was not shared with Terry. He had given up minding the little stings that were hurled at him from day to day. He had never expressed his feelings openly to anyone and had never been inspired with the remotest desire to do so.

At the moment this story starts he was indulging in some very deep, serious thinking. The bright shiny vision of a toy model car filled his carrot-topped head. The car was being displayed on the counter of the Toy Chest store, and Terry had set his heart on it. His thoughts were all in favour of trying to get it, for there was nothing to lose and everything to gain. Besides, there was no one to let down at home—at least no one that would care. After stamping out the cigarette he had not enjoyed at all, he turned and swung freely around the post, then slowly walked down the dirty, littered street, kicking a pebble before him. The pebble shot like a bullet against a brick wall; then fell to the sidewalk and rolled to a dead stop. Impulsively Terry walked towards the Toy Chest, pushing all restraining thoughts out of his mind. The store was deserted, except for a small, hunched little man working intently in the rear. He looked up casually as the familiar ring of the entry bell resounded through the tiny shop.

"Hi, Mr. Jordan," grinned Terry sheepishly. "Don't bother about me, I'll look around, O.K.?"

"Fine, Terry, m'boy. You just do as you like, and let me know when something appeals to your eye," answered the old man.

"Yeh," murmured Terry, with his eyes fixed on the pale blue model.

The tension mounted within him as he tried to force himself to reach for his trophy. Unable to do so he stepped back hesitantly and in so doing knocked over a display of wooden blocks. Startled by the sudden crash he lunged at the toy, grappled for it over the counter, then turned and darted through the door. Also startled by the clatter, Mr.

Jordan looked up just in time to see Terry's red head fly past the big shop window.

The old man looked towards the display counter and saw the vacant spot glaring up at him. Limping hurriedly to the door and almost dragging his wooden leg after him, he cried hoarsely, "Stop thief!" and pointed towards the fleeing figure about to cross the busy intersection.

With these two words he had launched a mob stampede. Terry, on hearing the cry, slackened his pace to look over his shoulder. Filled with the terrifying sight of the pursuing mob, he turned and broke into a blind run. The blood throbbed in his ears; tears sprang to his eyes and streamed down his dirt-smudged face; fear clutched his heart, and he ran as if he never intended to stop. Shopkeepers, sensing confusion, peered through open doorways. He ran through alleys, across streets, between cars, and through stores and crowds, but still the mob ran close at his heels. As he rushed past the big food market one of the clerks lunged out at him. Terry dodged beyond his reach, but went crashing into a large crate of oranges, falling headlong onto the sidewalk and crushing the toy car still clutched in his arms.

The blood poured from an open gash on his forehead, as he looked up sobbing into the eyes of about twenty strangers hovering above him.

"Give him air," demanded the hoarse voice of Mr. Jordan, who had just arrived on the scene. Hearing the cold command the crowd moved aside slightly, allowing the old man a clear sight of the boy. The terrified gleam in the eyes of the young thief was enough of itself to drain the anger from the shopkeeper's heart.

"Now, off with you, you bunch of busy-bodies!" he ordered the mob. "This is my thief and I intend to try him myself," he added, turning to help the boy.

"I'm sorry I did this to you, boy," whispered the old man. "We all learn by our mistakes," he added, "so I guess we'll both be better for it all."

Terry nodded in consent, and the two limped down the street arm in arm, leaving the mob bewildered on the corner.

ANNE DOWIE, VI A.



MY FRIEND THE LAWNMOWER

I have always said, and still say, that lawnmowers will be the death of me! Every summer throughout my whole life these ugly monsters have appeared on the scene to haunt and torture me until the blessed first snow-fall of autumn. For instance, every normal person—and I take the liberty of including myself—welcomes that extra hour or so of sleep on a warm Sunday morning in July or August. For the past couple of summers, however, I have been rudely jarred from this peaceful state of heaven by the thunderous roar of our power lawnmower. My first reaction is to rush to the window and turn off this infernal racket by lung and vocal effort, but after numerous failures I have given up attempting it. My second reaction is to shut the window; third, to pull the curtains shut; and fourth, to bury my head in the pillow. By this time I realize that my friend the lawnmower has won again and I climb slowly out of my cosy bed—on the wrong side.

Another favourite lawnmower of mine is the light-to-push, ultra-modern type found at every summer cottage. This gem is sheer heaven to operate, especially on a damp morning in mid-July. Upon my first attempts to move this, I always think that it could not have been oiled for the last ten years. How could anyone neglect such a work of art, I ask myself, while ruining my eyes in a futile attempt to locate an oil duct. Then, somehow, the oil around the wheels always manages to end up around the handle, no matter how careful I try to be. As I inch my way along the path towards the garden, I listen to the rhythmic “clunk---scr-r-rape, cluck--scree--ech, clunk” of the lawnmower, and watch fascinated as the blades gently brush the soggy grass. The going is a bit easier now and I begin to day-dream, when suddenly, without any warning, my friend stops and its handle meets my already aching abdomen with a smack! When able to breathe once again I decide to turn around and inspect my work.

“Oh, no, it can't be!” I wail, while slowly sinking to the ground.

There before me are two neat wheel tracks deeply imprinted on the lawn, with distinct foot marks in between!

As for the power mower, I really have some talent for directing it around the lawn; my only trouble is in getting this prize started. I eventually manage it after about the ninety-ninth heave on the rope, a bruised posterior, and a multitude of cuts on my oily, grease-covered hands. I hear a splutter, then

a great roar, and **then** we're off! Down the lawn, dragging me after it, goes this spirited beast. It mows all the grass before it as well as any unfortunate flower situated too near the edge of the bed. Ah, isn't life wonderful! Oh, oh, finished? Now where is that button?

“Look out for the hedge,” someone shouts, but too late. There is a terrific crash, a growl from the lawnmower, a moan from me, then dreadful silence. The results of this sad tale are the following: missing—one Chinese urn and one month's allowance. However, my friend the lawnmower lives on, and will live, I feel certain, to mow the daisies over me.

LINDA GRIER, Matric.



ODE TO THE TAN THAT WOULD NOT COME

Why is it? I sit each day,
And with my sun reflector stay,
While all the others tennis play,
And yet I can not get it.

Why is it? I still am white,
Though every day I'm in the light,
And do not wash when comes the night,
And yet I can not get it.

Why is it? The creams I use,
The bottles of it I must lose,
When pouring on me all these goos,
And yet I can not get it.

Why do they laugh
At my epitaph,
Which states:

“She got it?”

ANONYMOUS.

THE STRANGER

It was Christmas Eve. The snow fell lazily to the ground covering every hole and crevice of the half-lit street. The shimmering icicles, large ones, fat ones, little ones, hanging fearlessly from roofs and windows, sparkled like the Grand Cham's diamond when the light of a passing car shone on them.

Out of a dark passage came a small figure. It was a young girl, no older than ten, dressed in ragged clothes which had known previous owners. Down the street and around the corner she walked, as if she had nowhere to go and as if she were dazed. She wandered through the little streets and back alleys and finally came to Imperial Avenue. She kept on walking, faster and faster, staring fixedly into space. Suddenly something caught her eye, for she stopped, look around her on all sides.

The windows of "Mayar," the city's finest store, were magnificently decorated to commemorate Christmas. Jolly Santas, airy reindeer, and solemn shepherds bobbed back and forth on their electric springs. People passing by would stop and comment on the decorations. The small girl wandered up to one of these windows gazing at it with awe and wonder. How the Christmas tree sparkled with the many coloured baubles and the lights and the little ornaments hanging from its branches! At its base stood a brown teddy-bear—oh, how large he was! and dolls and balls and toys. The little girl had never seen so many toys!

"Oh Mother Mary," she prayed silently, "how I wish that I could have just one of those toys in the window. Maybe the big brown teddy-bear!"

The people disappeared one by one, each going his separate way, but the child still stood by the window, never taking her eyes off the big teddy-bear. The snow began to fall more heavily. Oh, how she wanted that teddy-bear.

Suddenly a tall gentleman tapped her on the shoulder. He was the most extraordinary man she had ever seen! He had long black hair and a pair of friendly blue eyes under heavy lashes. His black moustache was curled at the ends hiding his upper lip almost completely. And his clothes! Imagine a man wearing a red and white striped coat in the middle of winter!

After regarding him for a good two minutes, the girl clutched her shawl more firmly around her shoulders and began to step away.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger in a friendly voice. "I am not going to eat you up!"

The girl relaxed, but her eyes were watchful of his every movement.

"What is your name?" asked the stranger.

The girl didn't answer.

"Come, come," said the stranger, "you can tell me your name."

"Trina," she finally blurted out.

"A pretty name. Trina. Catrina."

It must have been the kindly manner of the stranger which gave her confidence, for when he asked her if she shouldn't be at home, Trina answered that her mother was sick and that she couldn't stay home. She also told him, when he asked her what she was looking at in the window, that she wished she could own the big brown teddy-bear.

The stranger thought for a moment, and then said, "If you had one wish granted to you, would you wish that you owned that teddy-bear?"

"Oh, yes!" she replied heartily and then added in a sad tone, "but my mother is sick and could not get it for me. I love Mamma. I wish that she could get well soon." She paused, thought, and then said, "No, on second thought, I wish that my mother could get well soon; that is, if I could make a wish."

The Spirit of Christmas looked at her fixedly. He seemed to grow taller and taller, and the red stripes on his suit became brighter and brighter.

"You are a good girl, Catrina," he said at last. Go home now and maybe one of your wishes will be granted."

He began to disappear slowly. Trina told her children, when she was an old lady, that she was positive she had heard the stranger whisper as he disappeared, "Or both!"

The big bell at the cathedral was striking midnight as Trina walked into the dark cellar which was her home.

"Trina," a voice spoke out, "is that you?"

"Why Mother, you're up!" shouted Trina, running into her mother's arms.

"Yes, dear, I feel fine now. I feel as if I had never been sick at all."

Trina looked around the room. Then she saw it. The big brown teddy-bear was now standing by the door, as if he had just walked in. She ran over to him and hugged him hard, crying and laughing at the same time. "The Stranger!" she whispered.

Her mother looked at her oddly, but could say nothing.

ELISE MENASCHÉ, VI A.



MISSING

The roaring wind was icy; the blinding snow fell thicker and thicker by the hour; in the distance the howl of hungry wolves mingled with the howl of the wind. Three men pushed wearily on into the darkness of Baffin Island; not a word was uttered. The muffled plodding of three pairs of snowshoes was the only sound besides the wailing of the wind and the wolves. The men walked in single file, the last one pulling a sled heavily laden with sticks and rugs and a few cans of food. With the help of bright torches each man scanned the blanket of snow surrounding him. Not a tree, not a rock, not a hill could be seen through the obscurity of the blizzard.

"Stop!" came the stern command of the leader. The two men behind sat down on the sleigh. They were utterly exhausted.

"This is useless," shivered Bob, one of the seated men.

He was of average height, nearing his fifties. His face was frostbitten and his eyes revealed a look of desperate anxiety. Bob had an only child, Peter, seven years old. He and his wife Margaret had devoted their lives to each other and to the boy. At this moment, however, it was nine chances to one that they had no son at all. Peter, with his nonchalant air, had wandered around the wilds of Baffin Island with his little friend David Kennedy and had not been seen for ten hours. The man beside Bob on the sled was David's father, Jim. Jim patted Bob's shoulder in attempted encouragement. He was larger than his friend, but about the same age. David was Jim's eldest child, and secretly more dear to him than the three girls. It was three hours since the two fathers had called up the search party.

"Fate has been against us from the start," Jim said as he rubbed his frozen hands. "Do you think the search party can possibly get to the 'Beaver' on time? Search party or not, though, we'll keep going till we find them."

"What **do you** think, Guide?" Bob's numb fingers fumbled awkwardly with the sleigh's rope.

The guide knew his job. When people got lost in a January storm in the wilds of Baffin Island, it was not often that they were seen alive again. Efficiently he strung a last thread in the broken snowshoe.

"Well," he began slowly, "we mustn't give up now that we've come so far. If we head north-east we get to Les Bois de la Rivière. They have gone that way for shelter. All set?"

Sixteen hours later the sun shone brightly on three men plodding across a barren blanket of glaring white snow. Not a tree, not a rock, not a hill could be seen against the blue horizon. The only signs of life besides were two boys tumbling after the three weary but thankful men.

CYNTHIA BAILEY, VI A.



NIGHT LIFE AT K.H.C.

After all the Staff turn in
Then my night life does begin;
Down the wing you hear a creak,
Then a patter of little feet.
Someone stealthily opens a door
And a creak is heard from the boards in the floor.

Another door opens down the hall,
And then a stern voice is heard to call,
"Who is that out of her bed?
You heard me—Yes, that's what I said."
I'm caught, I'm doomed, but what can I do,
Order marks Saturday mean night life is through.

DIANNE HORNIG, VI B.

THE FLIGHT INTO THE UNKNOWN

The stillness of the velvet night
 Drapes like a mantle about the plight
 Of man's frustrations and his cares,
 Giving him a chance to see how he fares.

His life is like a stretch of uneven sand—
 Soft to the touch but deceiving to the hand.
 It disappears into the irregular darkness
 With future footsteps unknown to our progress.

A troubled, restless sea will be
 Man's worries in the future.
 It contemplates in furrows deep
 And thus builds up his virtue.

Above the endless spread of sea
 A pale moon slips across the way,
 Shedding its pity in tears of silver
 Back on the ever-agitated bay.

The blackness about is an eternity—
 A void that calls the hidden heart of thee.
 Its emptiness plunges deep beyond
 Where man's imagination is fond

Of wandering, mystified by life.
 For flown now are the cares of the day
 From this melting dream of darkened clay
 By which we are pleasantly closed in.

MARY JANE THOMPSON, VI A.

—o—

A STATUESQUE STALLION

It was dusk. Looking into the far-off hills I
 saw the outline of a lovely stallion silhouetted
 against the darkening sky. He stood like a king,
 on top of that mountain, his mane quivering in
 the breeze like wind-tossed grass. His nostrils flared;
 he pawed the ground; and, lifting his head to the
 sky, he whinnied for all the world to hear his
 desolate call. Then, he waited—waited patiently—
 and dropped his head in sadness, for no one heard
 this lone, wild horse and no one heeded his cry.
 Alas! The empty hills picked up his call and
 hurled it back again.

LYN CARTER, VI B.

—o—

I have a beard, but I am not a goat,
 I have ears but I cannot hear.

What am I?

ANSWER: A cob of corn.

LUCY CARIDI, V A.

JOEY KNIGHT

Joey Knight was a good-looking lad of nine years. He was tall for his age and gave the appearance of being healthy and well-cared for. His face was round, with cheeks and button nose nutmegged with freckles. A mass of golden curls covered his head; his pale blue eyes twinkled beneath fair, bushy eyebrows; his mouth was always curled in a smile, making his chubby little face beam. Perhaps he was such a good-looking lad because of the hours he spent in the cool, fresh air on the snow-covered slopes practising his ski-racing.

Two years ago Mr. Knight, his Dad, had been posted abroad. Joey loved his Dad dearly and wept bitterly at the time of his departure.

Mr. Knight's last words to Joey were, "Don't cry, son. I'll be home for your tenth birthday."

Now Joey's father would be home in a week's time. This was the reason Joey was so excited for his coming birthday.

On the day of his birthday, the big ski-meet of the season was to be held at the Sunshine Slope, just outside the Village. Joey had been elected captain of the Junior Ski Team from the village school. More than twenty different schools were to take part. Joey had practised every afternoon for a solid week. He had practised extra hard so that his Daddy would be proud of him.

Finally the night before his birthday came, and there had been no word from Mr. Knight. The room was quiet that evening as Joey and his mother ate supper at the kitchen table.

Joey broke the silence. "Mother, how come we haven't received any news from Daddy?"

Fear gripped his mother's heart. She felt faint. This was the question she had prayed Joey would not ask, especially before his birthday.

"Shall I tell him?" she thought. "Tell him that I received word yesterday that he was missing and presumed dead in the plane crash over the Atlantic. Should I?" Her dark eyes became blurred with tears. "I've got to tell him before someone else does—no I'll wait."

"Ah-h-h dear, I was just wondering the same thing. Now run along and do your homework so that you won't have any for the week-end. I'll do the dishes and will be in to see you later," she said nervously.

Joey wandered slowly from the kitchen and on the way to his room he picked up the evening paper. The headlines read "MISSING." Joey read the item hurriedly. All of a sudden he gasped.

There it was written in black and white—the name of his father among the people who were believed to be lost in the plane crash.

“Mother! Mother! Mother!” he cried hysterically. Warm tears welled in his eyes and trickled down his cheeks. “Look,” he sobbed running blindly to his mother, pointing to the night’s paper.

His mother turned to him, unable to meet his eyes and in a soft tone explained to the shaking little figure in her arms why she had not told him before. But no words of kindness nor of encouragement soothed Joey’s cries.

“We shall pray together tonight, my pet, that Daddy wasn’t among the dead. We shall see if our prayers have been answered when the sun sets tomorrow,” his mother whispered as she kissed his hot forehead and tucked him into bed.

Joey rose early the next morning. The ski-meet began at nine o’clock. His mother prepared a large warm breakfast for him, but Joey wasn’t hungry; he didn’t even want to go to the ski-meet.

Joey looked like a real little sportsman that morning as his mother watched him disappear in the distance down the ribbon-like trail towards Sunshine Hill. Joey felt lonely. When he arrived at the slope there were so many people around that it took him a good hour to get his team assembled.

“First race will be the Junior downhill on the slope 27,” rang over the loud-speaker.

The race was soon started. Joey’s heart beat faster and faster as he sped down the slope. His competitors were not far behind him; in fact, he was neck and neck with one of them.

“First, Joe Knight number one; second, Mike Smith number eighteen; and third, Fred Jones number seventy-five,” called out the man in a black outfit seated beside the finish line.

Joey did well in the races that day, but there was always something missing in his heart. He did not feel excited or enthusiastic when his number was called out first.

It was late in the afternoon when the ski-meet finally came to an end. All the members of Joey’s team met their parents and collected together in the Sunshine Ski Club to hear the results of the big day. There Joey sat exhausted beside his best friend Dave Ross and Dave’s parents. The prizes were given out in a hurried fashion, but nothing was said about Joey’s team.

At the end, the ski-pro said excitedly, “Now at this time it is my pleasure to present the silver trophy to the person who has achieved the highest

number of points during the day. I’ve seen this lad practising day after day on these slopes and I feel he certainly deserves this trophy.” The ski-pro paused.

Joey was almost asleep he was so tired.

“Of all the six hundred youngsters and grown-ups here today, Joey Knight is our winner. Would his parents please come up with him so that we can take their picture?”

Cheers filled the room. Joey felt sick.

“Come on, Joey, I’ll go up with you,” Dave said proudly. Come on now, the ski-pro is waiting for you.

Dave was such a kind-hearted fellow. His face beamed at the honour of sitting beside the champion.

Joey couldn’t even see where he was going, for warm tears filled his eyes. All he could feel was the clutch of his best friend’s hand in his. He smiled shyly when it came to the time of the presentation. Cameras flashed from all sides. His only words over the mike were “Thank you.” He didn’t hear the people’s shouts and whistles of joy.

It was dark when Joey started home along the ski-trail with the heavy silver trophy under his arm. Soon he was able to see the lights of his home sparkling like bright diamonds in the blackness of the night. A few stars twinkled overhead, and the golden moon shone a path of light for Joey.

“I wonder if my prayers have been answered,” thought Joey. The idea made him speed up his pace. He finally arrived home. Climbing the wooden stairs, he heard his mother’s voice.

“Is it you, Joey?” she asked

“Yes, Mums,” he answered yawning.

Joey looked up to the top of the stairs, and there in the doorway stood his father.

“Daddy, it’s you,” he burst out. Joey mounted the stairs faster than he had ever done before. “I thought you were dead, oh, Daddy,” he sobbed, but this time happily.

“Of course not, Sport. I had to make it for your tenth birthday party, dead or alive. Remember, a promise is a promise,” his father explained.

“That’s quite a trophy you have there, son. Champion Skier 1956,” his Dad read. “I’m mighty proud of you.”

The house was lit with happiness that night. It was wonderful to have the whole family seated around the table for supper, and to have that extra special man around the house once again.

JOANNE MILLAR, VI A.

THE IMPORTANT JOURNEY

From a dark swamp, over which hangs the misty mantle of the Angel of Morning Air, comes the whirring of wings. Through the grey mist, first in ones and then in groups, flows forth a flock of beautiful Canada geese. Silently they rise into the early morning stillness, and swerve to the south across the new dawn. The black of their plumage forms a checker-board on the pink daybreak as they climb to make their traditional "V." An occasional honk signifies that they are on their way. Now they fly steadily over the drab farmland. A few sparrows twirl across their path to alight on a dead, stiff tree sitting grotesquely in a furrowed field. The geese are now flying in a picturesque V. The few leaders change position from time to time, and the odd geese break the V to fly alongside or behind. With a unified movement they rise upward to fly along the now light violet sky. No sight can ever compare with these majestic geese as they slide smoothly above the landscape painted by Autumn. Soon the geese grow smaller, the honks grow fainter and less frequent, and presently all that is left of my vision at daybreak is a cluster of tiny specks against the blue of an autumn sky.

You will be missed, wild geese; soon cold, hard Winter will make us forget the wonderful things we have had the privilege of seeing.

MARY JANE THOMPSON, VI A.

—o—

CENTRO AMERICA

Los países Centroamericanos son seis—Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica y Panamá.

Guatemala y El Salvador son muy ricos en la producción del café, caña de Azúcar y algodón. En cambio la costa del Atlántico de Honduras produce una inmensa cantidad de bananas.

Sin embargo todos los países tienen en común la producción del café.

Hay gente que no considera a los indios muy inteligentes. Esto no es verdad. Al contrario, pueden ser más inteligentes que mucha gente civilizada. La única razón que no pueden enseñar tanto su inteligencia es porque los pobres no han tenido la dicha de ir a la escuela y por lo menos de aprender a leer y escribir.

Sin embargo, hoy día los gobiernos de los diferentes países, han hecho mucho para adelantar los medios de vida de la gente pobre, siendo indios la mayor parte.

Muchos indios tienen un buen oído para la música y la poesía.

La historia de las diferentes tribus indias—los Aztecas de Méjico, las Mayas de la América Central

y las Incas del Perú, nos da un buen ejemplo como fueron civilizados ya en aquellos tiempos. Su arquitectura fué maravillosa; todas las paredes fueron esculpidas a mano.

Los indios viven en ranchos, que son casitas de adobe con techos de paja. Son muy típicos, y a los turistas les fascina ver como viven los indios. Hay familias de indios que siempre tienen su rancho muy ordenado y la limpieza reina sobre todo, pero en realidad esto no se puede decir de la mayor parte.

Un factor que toda la gente echa de ver en los países Latinoamericanas es la gran diferencia que existe entre la riqueza y la pobreza. Uno puede andar por la parte más bella de una ciudad, viendo enormes residencias de gente muy rica, y pocos minutos después, estar en una pobreza enorme, rodeada de ranchos con indios descalzos y cargando machetes: es decir que no hay relativamente clase media.

Hoy día los países Centro y Sudamericanos ya no están tan atrasados como hace varios años. Ahora casi todos los naturales así como los extranjeros cooperan juntos para hacer su país una nación de verdadera prosperidad.

IRMA SCHIESS, Matric.

—o—

ANSWERS TO V A QUIZ

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Bonnie Ross | 16. Judy House |
| 2. Ann Connacher | 17. Joan Howard |
| 3. Penny Ayre | 18. Charlotte Stevens |
| 4. Helen Hand | 19. Lucy Caridi |
| 5. Val Morris | 20. Sherrill Norcross |
| 6. Greer Gardner | 21. Sue Gordon |
| 7. Jennifer Patton | 22. Carole Salmon |
| 8. Ginny Price | 23. Ann Smith |
| 9. Alix Palk | 24. Sue McMaster |
| 10. Bobby Starke | 25. Dione Newman |
| 11. Canny Gordon | 26. Jennifer Woods |
| 12. Wendy Watson | 27. Janice Byers |
| 13. Sue Dawes | 28. Di Stewart |
| 14. Sally Scott | 29. Miss Keyzer |
| 15. Janet Simms | |

—o—

ANSWER SHEET TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Vestigia Transversa		Vestigia Erecta	
I.	Caesar.	II.	abdo.
V.	Liber.	III.	abeo.
VII.	Belgae.	IV.	Rex.
VIII.	id.	V.	laedes
IX.	Lex.	VI.	ieci.
X.	ecquis	VIII.	insulae
XIII.	noceo.	IX.	legio.
XV.	diu.	XI.	quare
XVI.	ante.	XII.	istud.
XVII.	tu.	XIV.	si.
XIX.	ut.	XVIII.	uso.
XX.	iam.	XXI.	am.
XXII.	servus.	XXIII.	hoc.
XXIII.	hos.	XXIV.	una.
XXV.	do.	XXVIII.	lux.
XXVI.	ano.	XXIX.	mons.
XXVII.	clamantis	XXX.	tibi.
XXXII.	de.	XXXI.	sic.
XXXIV.	da.	XXXII.	deo.
XXXVI.	idem.	XXXIII.	em.
XXXVII.	dux.	XXXV.	ad.
XXXIX.	abicio.	XXXVIII.	hortum
XL.	sibi.	XXXIX.	ab.



COTTAGE REPORT

Twenty-one girls made up our Cottage group this year; two of them—Rosita Caridi and Becky Romano are from South America. Two others, Dougie Trudeau and Chelé Robertson are from the United States, and the rest live in Canada. Included in this last group are Jennifer Giles, Shireen Finch, Caroline Massey and Gay Bell from Ontario, and Di Bignell, Barbie Baker, Debbie Rankin, Tony Sharp, Susie Gardner, Cathy Stewart, Martha Meagher, Marcia Pacaud, Bonnie Bernier, Ann Harrison, Judy Westwater, Nancy Nichol, and Margot Parker from the Province of Quebec.

Mrs. Capon and Miss Syme took care of the Cottagers the first term. Mrs. Welter and Miss Syme have looked after us since Christmas. We all miss Mrs. Capon very much.

The Christmas play put on by the Cottage, directed by Miss Hewson, was called "The Stranger." The Cottage Christmas party was great fun because we played games and had a delicious supper. It ended with Santa Claus giving out presents and Christmas stockings to everyone.

In the second term we enjoyed skiing and skating. In the evenings there were many amusements—besides playing gramophones. The IVA's and IVB's made puppets and organized impromptu plays.

In the summer term we are learning to play tennis and also enjoy other outdoor games. We all had a wonderful time at the sugar camp.

We all wish to thank Mrs. Welter and Miss Syme for making life in the cottage so enjoyable.

JUDY WESTWATER, V B.

THE SECRET GARDEN

I found a secret garden
Hidden by a wall;
I found an ivy-covered door
Quite big and green and tall.

I found the key to open it
Hidden in the ground;
I pushed the key into the lock
And didn't make a sound.

I pushed the green door open
And looked about the place.
It was a gloomy sight to see;
Of green there was no trace.

I went there almost every day
And planted many seeds;
It was a trifle hard to do,
To pull up all the weeds.

At last the green began to show
And buds began to burst;
A Robin and his mate came by
And took fast flight at first.

I made good friends with both the birds
And with their "Tinies" too;
I watched the "Tinies" learn to fly,
The best you ever knew.

CATHY STEWART, IV A.

A STRAY DOG

Once when a little boy named Joey was wandering through a deep wood he met a stray dog. Joey felt so sorry for the dog that he started to take her home. He was just about to go down the path to his home when he remembered that his father did not like dogs. He felt as if his heart was going to break. Then Joey thought to himself, "I could keep her in a secret place." He dashed back to where he had found her and tried to tell her he would be back.

One morning when the sun was just rising, Joey was down in the kitchen getting food for the little dog, which now was getting big and strong. His mother walked in and said, "Joey, what are you doing?"

"Oh, I just felt a little hungry, Mom," said Joey.

"Are you sure that's all?" said his mother.

"Yes, Mo-mother, I'm quite sure."

"Joey, I think that you are trying to keep something from your father and me, and I am determined to find out," said his mother.

Joey thought to himself that it was no use and he had better tell her now.

"Well, Mother, when I was wandering through the woods, I met a stray dog and I have kept her ever since in a secret place. I was trying to get food for her when you walked in," said Joey.

"Wait here and I'll go and talk to your father, Joey," said his mother.

When Joey's mother came in again she looked so happy that it made Joey smile.

"Joey," his mother said, "your father said you might keep the dog as long as she doesn't come near him."

Joey was so happy that he ran and hugged his father.

As time went by, Joey's father began to love the dog, and from then on they all had great times together.

DEBBY RANKIN, IV B.

—o—

THE RAIN

The rain is loudly falling;
I think it's just appalling.
Because I want the fun
Of playing in the sun.

But if I want the sun to come,
I'll have to bear the rain;
For raindrops make the flowers grow,
And spring is here again.

SHIREEN FINCH, IV A.

THE TERRIBLE STORM

By four o'clock the storm had really settled in. The wind outside was raging furiously and the rain was beating against the windows of our small cottage. The sky was black and every now and then you could look out into the ocean and see bright flashes of forked lightning and also the small lights of the shrimp boats that were out. The water outside our door was about three inches deep and was slowly leaking in. It grew darker and darker but finally after many long hours, the storm stopped.

The next day the sun shone brightly as if there had never been such a thing as a storm.

CAROL SONNE, V B.

A SPECIAL DAY

The bright sun peeped through my bedroom window. I blinked, then realizing what day it was, I jumped out of bed and bounded down the stairs like lightning. It was my birthday!

I took a deep breath of the lovely fresh June air. I started cooking breakfast and set the table for four. I guess the smell of toast and bacon cooking brought my parents and brother downstairs. Daddy picked me up in his arms and swung me around and wished me a happy birthday. My mother kissed me and my brother did the same. Then she winked at me and hinted for me to come with her. She led me to the basement where a little brown-eyed puppy sat wagging his tail with all his might, just waiting to be cuddled.

All too soon the day ended. I had had a wonderful time and I knew that I would have a wonderful dream that night, of my wonderful, wonderful day!

NANCY NICHOL, V B.

A ROLLER COASTER RIDE

Last year, when the fair was opening in the city, my sister and I were excited because we were going. When we arrived Janet wanted to go on a roller coaster ride. I thought it would be an exciting experience so I agreed to go with her.

The next thing I knew we were in a small coaster car. The ride started. Up and down this way and that we went until I wondered that I was not upside down. My sister was enjoying herself, but I felt I must have lost my stomach somewhere along the way.

When the coaster stopped, I sat still for a moment; then stood up. I'm still sure I was being stared at as I walked away in a very uneven line.

BETTY TAYLOR, V B.

THE LITTLE BALLERINA

Once upon a time there was a little ballerina. She was very pretty with long golden hair, blue eyes, and lips as red as roses.

This ballerina was playing outside her little cottage. Suddenly her magic ring fell off her finger into the thick green grass. She began to cry. The beautiful young ballerina heard a noise in the bushes, and when she turned around she saw a little fawn.

"Why are you crying, little girl?" the fawn asked.

"I'm crying because I have lost my magic ring," said the ballerina.

"I will give it to you if you let me sleep on your bed, and if you will feed me for four days."

The little girl said she would, and she let it sleep on her bed and eat her food. On the fourth day the ballerina went for a walk in the woods and when she came back she found the fawn almost dead. Seeing this, she went over and kissed it. As soon as she had done this, a handsome prince appeared. The ballerina was too happy to speak, and then the prince gave her the magic ring. They went down the path holding hands; they lived happily ever after.

CAROLINE MASSEY, IV B.

SUMMER EVENING

One summer night I was sitting on our porch half asleep. It was about nine o'clock. You could just see the sun from behind the greenest mountain. As I looked into the goldfish pool I saw a beautiful swan with a long white curved neck. Later his mate joined him. She was just as beautiful as he; then they both swam off together proudly.

Gradually another scene formed before my eyes. All the flowers in the garden began to nod their heads sleepily as the wind started to blow very softly from nowhere. Fairies came dancing to the pool. They danced almost everywhere, over the flowers and on the water. There they made little ripples wherever they went. All of a sudden everything vanished except the pool. The sun was out of sight, and Dad was calling me. I followed him upstairs. I hopped into bed, and, thinking of everything I had seen, I soon fell asleep.

DOUGIE TRUDEAU, IV A.

SPRING

The snow is melting slowly;
The birds begin to sing.
The cows are in the pasture,
And now the church bells ring.

Some days it's raining cats and dogs,
Some days there's also hail,
But usually the sun is out,
And away the clouds all sail.

The flowers are pushing through the earth,
The grass is growing green;
The farmers are ploughing up the turf;
The wheat will soon be seen.

April brings the Easter bunny,
A turkey dinner too;
I think that spring is lots of fun.
I like it best. Don't you?

SUSAN GARDNER, IV A.



Exchanges

LEEDS GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Leeds, England.
 ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's, Aurora, Ont.
 EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
 LUDEMUS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
 BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
 LACHUTE HIGH SCHOOL ANNUAL: Lachute, P.Q.
 THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, P.Q.
 THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
 THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
 THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
 THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
 THE PIBROCH: Strathallan School, Hamilton, Ont.
 THE MITRE: University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 TECHNICAL COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.
 SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
 INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
 THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
 THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.
 THE GROVE CHRONICLE: Lakefield, Ont.
 THE ALMAPHALIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
 THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
 THE CHRONICLE: The Study, Montreal, P.Q.
 THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.
 THE BOAR: Hillfield School, Hamilton, Ont.

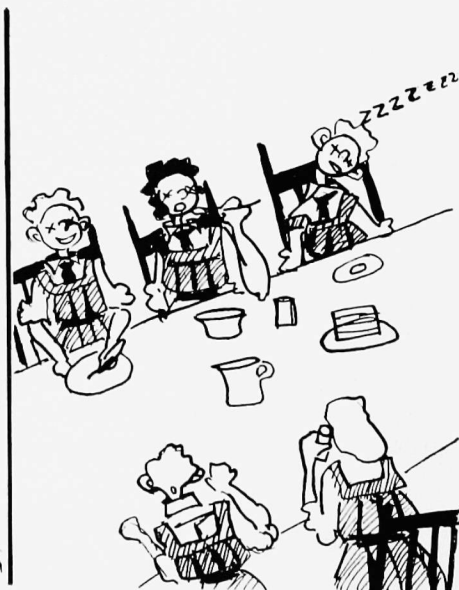
GUESS WHO!



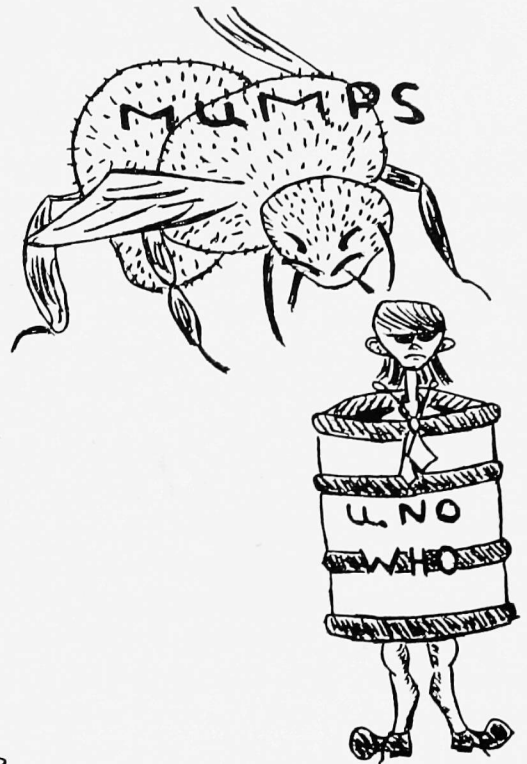
Walked the gym last night?



Says he does not like women?



Didn't make breakfast on time?



EP



The universal problem
"Making ends meet."



Ladders that do not
lead to success

King's Hall, Compton, Old Girls' Association

LETTER FROM AN OLD GIRL

Not so long ago I was telling a group of kindergarten children about the fun we used to have during maple sugar time at school. These five and six year old children have never been sugaring off and they listened intently. When I completed the story, the light suddenly dawned in one little boy's eyes and his hand shot up, "I know, Mrs. Kazi, that was in the olden days!" As Moses and Adam are also regarded by the children as people who lived in the "olden days," I did not consider this a compliment to my age at all. Incidents such as this happen in a kindergarten frequently. The kindergarten teacher is certainly kept amused by her charges. For kindergarten teaching is lots of fun as well as lots of work. Sharing in the first experiences of a visit to the fire station, learning dances, learning to paint and to be part of the "big school" never leaves a dull moment.

A kindergarten teacher is more than just a glorified baby-sitter. Her aim is to help the child, who has never left his mother's side, to become an independent individual. In doing so she not only guides the child in adjusting socially with his own age group at playtime, but attempts to give him self-confidence and a better understanding of the outside world. She also prepares him for Grade work by teaching him how to learn. For example she has to teach the child to read pictures from left to right, thus doing the ground work for reading words.

Kindergarten teaching has no set curriculum as in Grades and it is up to the teacher to form a plan which will benefit her particular group most. It is very important to get well acquainted with each individual child; there are not two of them who have the same personality traits. For the most part their formation was done in the home. They love to tell the teacher what they do at home, and some parents would certainly be surprised if they heard the details a teacher knows about their family life.

If you are looking for a profession which is respected, exciting, rewarding (and gives you long holidays) you should consider becoming a kindergarten teacher. The prime requisites are, of course, liking little children and possessing the patience of Job. Even if you aren't a brilliant all-around student (Miss Gillard will agree that I wasn't!)

you might have the qualifications to become a good kindergarten teacher.

Now the question probably has come to your mind, "How do I know if I would like to work with little children?" Perhaps you would be wise to baby-sit during your holidays, attend summer camps and work with the youngest children to find out if this type of work appeals to you. If it does, then why not think about attending MacDonald College after you leave school?

MacDonald College courses are subject to changes in accordance with improved ideas and methods but I understand there are three types of kindergarten courses available. A one year course, a two year course which includes more academic subjects, and a four year degree course (Bach. of Education). When I attended Mac in 1952-53, the one year course was the only kindergarten course offered and we were a group of sixteen girls. To qualify we were required to pass elementary tests in music and art as an interest in these arts plays an important part in the kindergarten programme. We had lectures in English, History, Scripture, General Education Practice, Physical Education, Child Psychology, Art and Music, and special lectures in kindergarten activities. Workshops to prepare charts, audio-visual aids, musical instruments and reading readiness material, as well as half-day practice-teaching periods approximately every six weeks in the nursery school and kindergarten, were very interesting parts of the course. We also had to do four weeks of actual teaching during the year in Montreal and Lakeshore schools under the guidance of the regular class teachers.

It is certainly not all hard work at Mac. To live and study in such a lovely spot is a pleasure in itself. There are many activities to fill your leisure hours. Class plays, School for Teachers' concerts, Literary and Debating clubs and the Green and Gold Show arranged and directed by the students, are annual activities. If you are a lover of sports there is an indoor pool, tennis courts and all sorts of other facilities. Dances held jointly with the students of the Agriculture school liven the social life. It is a short bus ride into Montreal to visit your friends or families.

There are many more things I could tell, but to end this article, here is another story about the

children. One afternoon a kindergarten group were singing a greeting song. "Far and wide a greeting send to every little smiling friend. . ." Little Jane was singing so well that she was chosen to sing it as a solo. With great solemnity she started to sing. "Far and wide a greeting send to every little smelly friend. . ." The two teachers present had a hard time controlling their laughter, much to little Jane's bewilderment.

As you can probably guess, I just love the work and hope that several of you will come and enjoy yourselves in such a useful way; teaching a kindergarten.

JEAN (DODDS) KAZI.

MARRIAGES

Susan Teakle to Boyd Whitthall on May 29, 1956.
Diana Taylor to Robert A. Hall on May 11, 1957.
Heather Allen to Kent Barber on December 21, 1956.
Elizabeth Creery to Lieut. W. H. Hall in August.
Jean Lindsey to Rufus Titus in August.
Nancy Pollock to John D. Roe.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Stoker (Shirley Harrison) a son, in August 1956.
To Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Creighton (Willa Ogilvie) a daughter, in October 1956.
To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Staniforth (Joanne Hewson) a daughter, in April 1956.
To Mr. and Mrs. Ross Galbraith (Mary Lou Franklyn) a daughter, in January 1957.
To Mr. and Mrs. John Summerlin (Valerie Meyer) in New York—a son, in October 1956.
To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Laptew (Betty Calder) a son, in December 1956.
To Mr. and Mrs. Jim MacDougall (Willa Birks) a daughter, in December 1956.
To Mr. and Mrs. David Blaiklock (Sally Dobell) a son, in April 1957.
To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Donaldson (Betty Gibbs) a son, in October 1956.
To Mrs. and Mrs. Edward Kehoe (Lois Keefer) a son in January 1957.
To Mr. and Mrs. Donald Stirling (Pamela Pasmore) a daughter, in January 1957.
To Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wood (Ann Henderson) a daughter, in February 1957.
To Mr. and Mrs. Ross Smith (Diana Davis) a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Abbott (Naomi Smith) a son, in July 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alex Paterson (Joan Robb) a son, in July 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Parsons (Sheila Elder) a daughter, in April 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. David LeBaron (Robin Bocock) a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Paul Cooper (Jennifer Job) a son, in March 1957.

To Mr. and Mrs. Fred Chafe (Katherine Paterson) a daughter, in July 1956.

To Mr. and Mrs. John Allan (Jane Trenholme) a son, in April 1957.

To Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Doheny (Norah Deane Baillie) a daughter.

To Mr. and Mrs. Peter McKinnon (Joan Foster) twin daughters, May 1, 1957.

To Mr. and Mrs. Roger Appleby (Meg Aitken) a son, in December.

To Mr. and Mrs. Larry Durkee (Judy Lindsey) a son, in August.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Paulsen (Judy Aitken) a daughter, in November.

To Mr. and Mrs. Alan Finley (Nan Kennedy) a daughter, in January.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bartlett Love (Shirley Kennedy) a daughter, in April.

Staff Directory

Miss A. E. Gillard, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Mlle O. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss J. Collins, 4913 Western Ave., Westmount, P.Q.
Miss M. Dexter, Milton, Queens Co., Nova Scotia.
Miss C. Dostie, Scotstown, P.Q.
Mrs. G. Elliott, Sawyerville, P.Q.
Miss G. Evans, Sawyerville, P.Q.
Miss J. FitzGibbon, Hill House, Wickwar, Glos. England.
Miss D. Hewson, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss H. Hughes, 614 Brunswick Street, Fredericton, N.B.
Miss H. Jenkins, Littlewood, Keppoch, P.E.I.
Miss V. Keith, Havelock, N.B.
Miss G. Keyzer, 292 Humphrey St., Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.
Mme S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss A. Macdonald, Port Hastings, Nova Scotia.
Miss S. Macdonald, Box 397, Windsor, Nova Scotia.
Miss F. MacLennan, 3 Dalhousie St., Halifax, Nova Scotia.
Miss M. Morris, Box 332, Grimsby, Ont.
Miss P. Povey, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss J. Ramsay, 329 George St., Fredericton, N.B.
Miss M. Syme, c/o Dr. Bogert, Springhill Road, Magog, P.Q.
Miss E. Ticehurst, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.
Miss D. E. Wallace, Box 41, Warden, P.Q.
Mrs. A. Welter, North Hatley, P.Q.
Mrs. E. Yarril, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.

School Directory

- E. Angus, 699, Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
P. Archibald, Main Rd., Hudson Heights, P.Q.
E. Audet, 150, Vimy Street, Apt. 5, Sherbrooke, P.Q.
P. Ayre, St. John's, Newfoundland.
C. Bailey, 11, Newcourt Rd., Bray Co., Wicklow, Eire, Ireland.
B. Baker, 198, Dufferin Road, Hampstead, P.Q.
G. Bastian, 1780, Dumfries Rd., Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
A. Beattie, 14, Richelieu Road, Chambly Canton, P.Q.
G. Bell, 90, Markland Street, Hamilton, Ontario.
B. Bernier, Wendybrook Farms, Sweetsburg, P.Q.
A. Bieler, 2151, Brulart, Sillery, P.Q.
F. Bieler, 2151, Brulart, Sillery, P.Q.
D. Bignell, Price House, 65, St. Anne Street, Quebec City, P.Q.
J. Bignell, Price House, 65, St. Anne Street, Quebec City, P.Q.
H. Black, 217, Stanstead Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
S. Blackburn, 326, Victoria Street, London, Ontario.
J. Byers, 4040, Gage Road, Montreal, P.Q.
L. Caridi, Calle 32 No. 43-74, Apartado Aereo 110,
Barranquilla, S.A.
R. Caridi, Calle 32 No. 43-74, Apartado Aereo 110,
Barranquilla, S.A.
S. Carling, 36, Grosvenor Street, London, Ontario.
L. Carter, 4855, Cote St. Luc Rd., Montreal, P.Q.
S. Cassels, 482, Spadina Road, Toronto, Ontario.
A. Cassils, 3065, Cedar Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.
R. Christensen, 1509, Sherbrooke Street, Montreal, P.Q.
F. Church, 4, Summerhill Terrace, Montreal 25, P.Q.
J. Cochand, Chalet Cochand, St. Marguerite Station, P.Q.
A. Connacher, 250, Dromore Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba.
J. Cordeau, 408, Metcalfe Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
M. Cowie, 2, Maple Avenue, Beaupré, P.Q.
J. Cushing, 610, Clarke Avenue, Montreal 6, P.Q.
B. Cuthbertson, 2285, Sunset Road, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
G. Davis, P. O. Box 131, Knowlton, P.Q.
S. Dawes, 57, Belvedere Circle, Westmount, P.Q.
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H. Dewar, 30, Dunn Street, Oakville, Ontario.
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L. Kennedy, 1509, Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal 25, P.Q.
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V. Morris, 4438, Oxford Avenue, N.D.G., Montreal 28, P.Q.
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E. Napier, 316, Russell Hill Rd., Toronto, Ontario.
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R. Peverley, St. Andrew's East, P.Q.
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V. Price, 144, Moreuil Woods, Camp Petawawa, Ontario.
D. Rankin, 269, Lindsey Street, Drummondville, P.Q.
V. Rankin, 269, Lindsey Street, Drummondville, P.Q.
K. Reed, 1620, Pine Avenue, Montreal, P.Q.
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J. Robb, 32, Forden Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
M. Robertson, 2310, 44th St. N.W., Washington, D.C.
S. Robertson, 2310, 44th St. N.W., Washington, D.C.
B. Romano, P. O. Box 283, Barranquilla, Colombia,
South America.
B. Rooney, 482, Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
B. Ross, 80, Selkirk Avenue, Hudson, P.Q.
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I. Schiess, c/o H. J. Schiess, Ringstrasse 43, Zurich 11,
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S. Scott, Chaudière Manor, Breakeyville, P.Q.
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A. Sise, 54, Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
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A. Taylor, 134, Dunvegan Road, Toronto, Ontario.
E. Taylor, 29, Warner Avenue, East Angus, P.Q.
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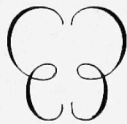


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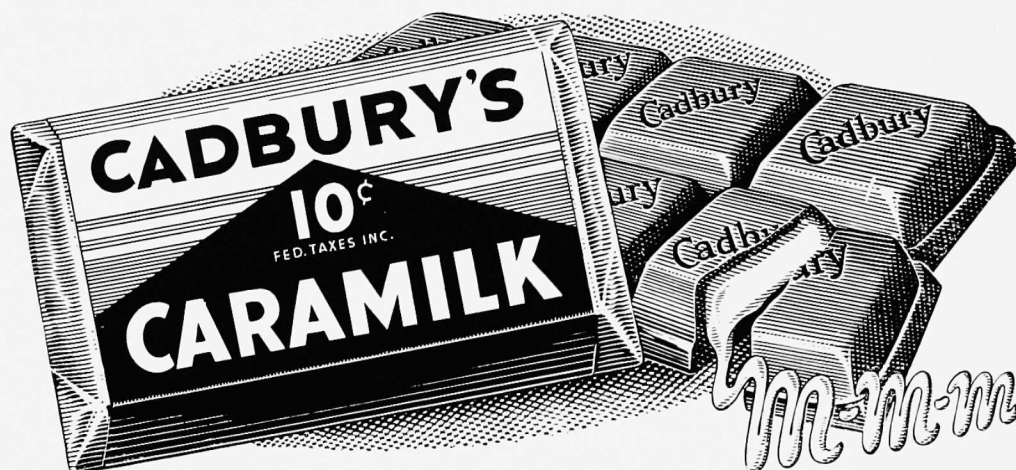
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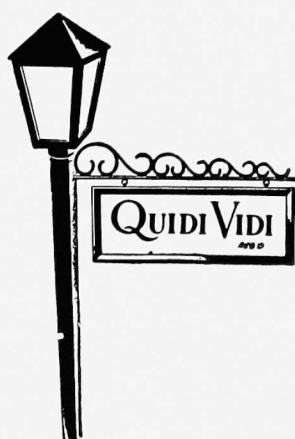
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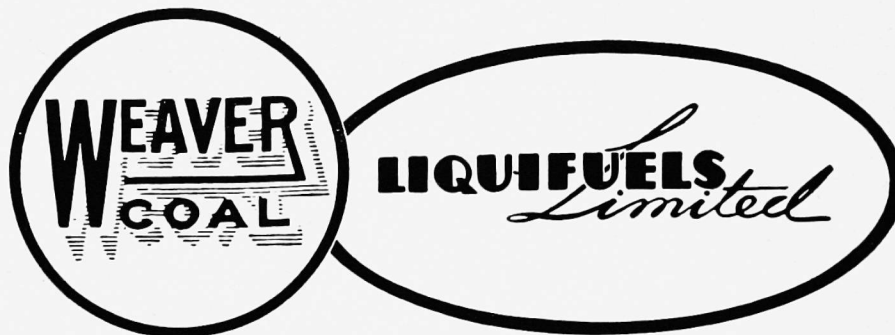
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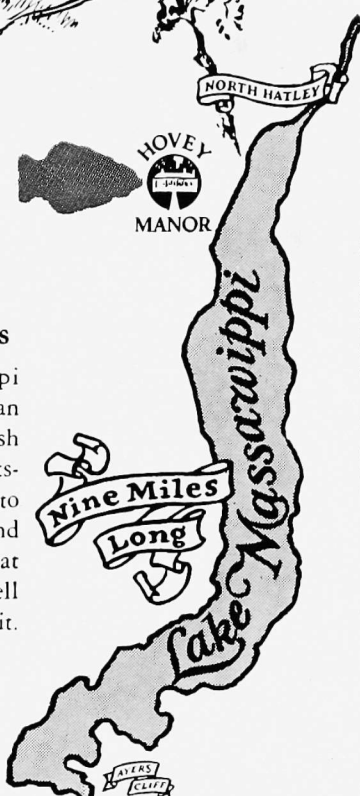


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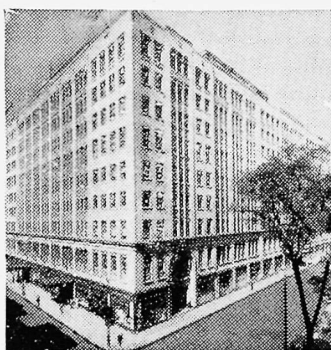
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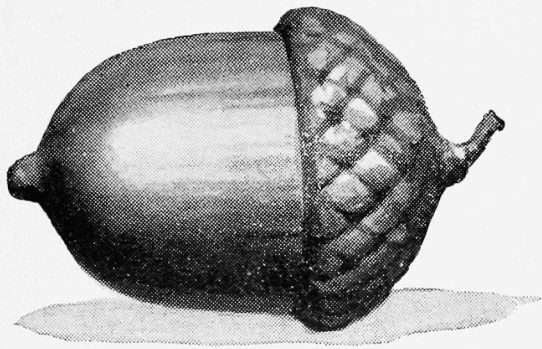
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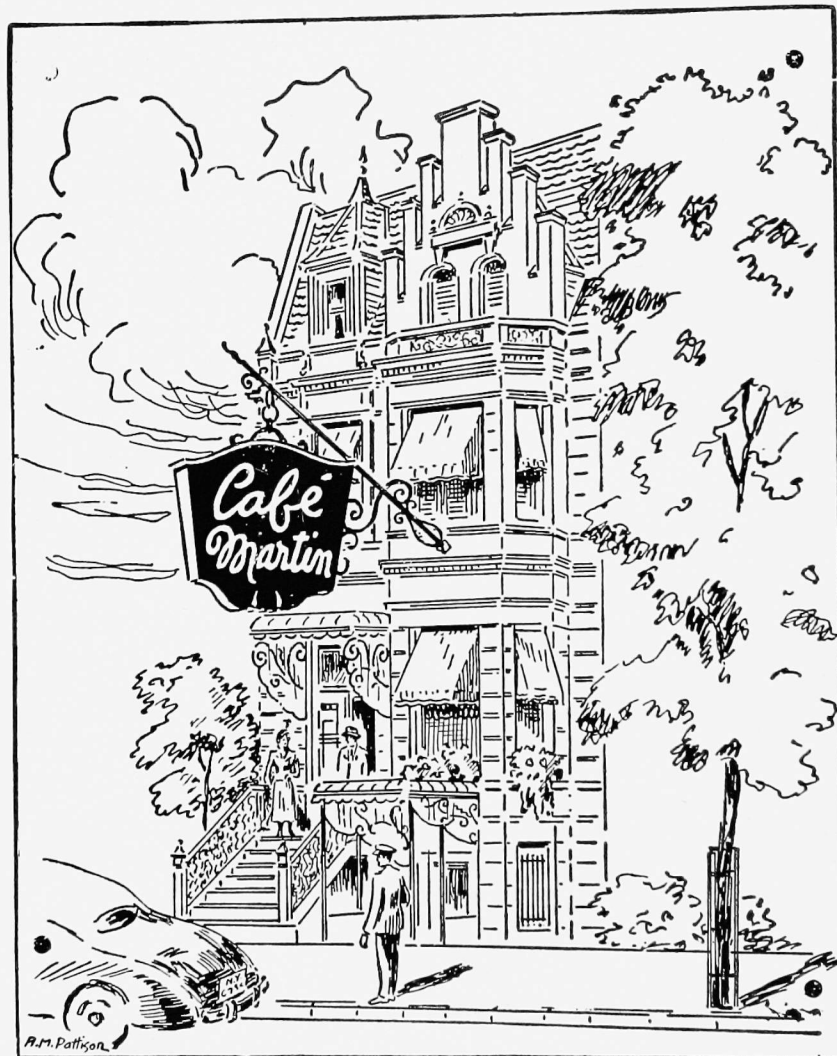
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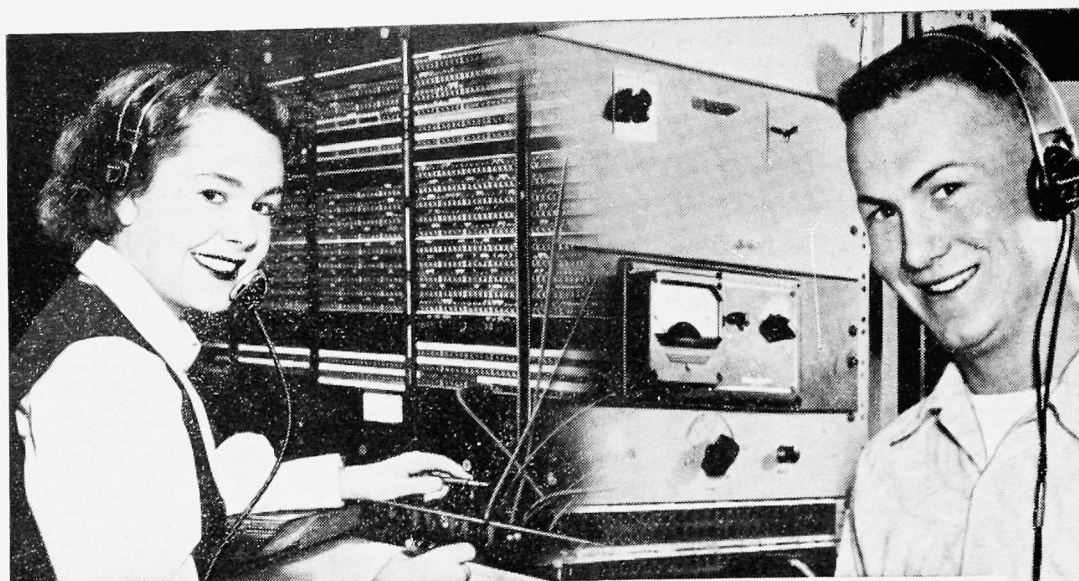


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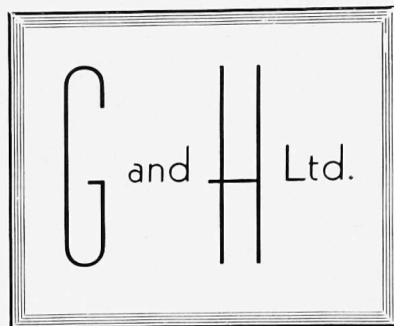


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